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ESCAPE FROM A LEGEND

Hervey Allen's "Action at Aquila" Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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HERVEY ALLEN

"His concern is not war as formal history, but war as it touches living men: we who read can also die" . . .

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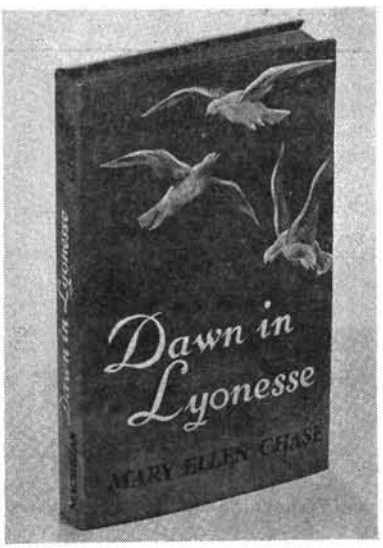

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FROM THE JACKET DESIGN BY JAMES REID FOR "ACTION AT AQUILA"

Escape from a Legend

"Action at Aquila" and Its Aftermath

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

THERE is a possibility that there is no such thing as history. It may even be probable that historical romance is a miscegenation of words. I doubt whether any living persons are actually interested in either the Carthaginians or the Confederates. We look at them only seeking aspects of ourselves. Certainly, this is true of those of us who live in this present. Other folk in other times may have been able to look back. But we seem especially a people preoccupied with our own fears, and not even a historical novelist of the established popularity of Hervey Allen seems willing to write of the Civil War and love and death in it except in consideration of war which may lie even now before us all.

"Action at Aquila,"* by the author of "Anthony Adverse" (is there a special faith in A's?), is for all its readability scarcely significant as distinguished literature and must take such significance as it possesses from its occasional, though provocative, speaking to a vast audience on the subject of war. Any book by Mr. Allen would be certain of a large advance sale if only from the company of those who read and enjoyed his monumental "Anthony Adverse." But here should be wonder child of mammoth and leviathan: the author of "Anthony Adverse" has written of that same war which stripped Georgia for action and drama in "Gone with the Wind." And Mr. Allen has so designed the movement of his book that it goes at the pace of a lively black mare across all the Union attitudes in that war from the non-combatant fierceness of the City of Brotherly Love to the almost gentle attitude in the presence of death among the troops in Virginia. As art, even as moving fiction, this new novel of Mr. Allen's seemed to me to be no very remarkable book. But certainly he has drawn his canvas wide enough along the line of the journeying of Colonel Nathaniel Franklin on his first leave from the fighting to include almost every diverse reaction to war. The colonel's ride back to duty and to rendezvous with love and danger does not merely cover the distance from Philadelphia to the little burned village of Aquila down below Strasburg and Winchester in Virginia; it also covers the distance from James Buchanan to Phil Sheridan, and from the scared patriots and angry taxpayers of little Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, the comic memory of fright in Chambersburg, the guerrilla brutality in Morgan Springs, and the pleasant fatalism of remote Fulton County Valley, to the fighting at Aquila. Certainly there is design here for an important book, but Mr. Allen seems almost imaginatively weary. His effort to picture war is obscured by a romance which takes its climax from the will-he-get-well formula, and which certainly is too frail a vehicle for his theme.

It might have been a better book if it had been simply romantic and sentimental; thoughtfulness comes as an intrusion in a book which clings so closely to the clichés of romance and of characterization. There are strong and original passages: the picture of lush peace in remote Pennsylvania, the richly comic recital of Judge Bristline, who lost both his coat and his shoes in the Confederate raid on Chambersburg; but they are too rare. This book is escape literature, but not from this present into a past no longer disturbing; it goes less from this day to 1864 in the Valley of Virginia, than from our fear of war to a realization, despite old Colonel Nathaniel Franklin's final protests, of war in its experience as "a glorious awareness of supervitality" and in its remembrance as a "mellifluous tale." Mr. Allen's preoccupation is with living men and war. In a jacket statement he points that out clearly. His researches went to the veterans, not the books. His concern is not war as formal history, but war as it touches living men: we who read can also die.

For such a purpose the American Civil War is now a perfect war. It is as familiar to us as bread and cheese and cemeteries. Most of us can read about it without wondering who won it. Most of us even know the names of the leaders and some of us know the general movements of the armies and something about the purposes and results of the fighting. But in 1938, even in the South, it is far enough away so that the screams and the smells of Surgeon Holtzmaier's bloody tables at Aquila are emotionally remote. The dose is attenuated, but it serves immunity to fear where a stronger dose might stir terror. It was not always so: once its

*ACTION AT AQUILA. By Hervey Allen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Next Week

A POET'S LIFE
By HARRIET MONROE
Reviewed by Burton Rascoe

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY
By HARRY SCHERMAN
Reviewed by R. Gordon Wasson

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memory was in the South a malady more deadly than the war itself. It did more harm than Sherman. Compared with that remembering peace, the war beyond it seems almost as desirable by comparison as those isolated valleys and coves, Fulton County Valley and Coiner's Retreat, with which Mr. Allen has so generously provided his gallant colonel in the midst of war. And long ago Mr. Allen's company of characters, now mildly tragic and conventionally romantic, were figures in a ravening legend from which only the hard-headed and good-humored at last helped their South to escape.

I remember all of them.

They made the procession through my childhood, figures a good deal more substantial than reality.

It is improbable that he was Colonel Nathaniel T. Franklin, of the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, but the Yankee officer, who was nevertheless a gentleman, galloped gallantly on Black Girl straight into my admiration.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crittendon was ubiquitous, the brave and lovely lady bereft. She sat in every pew, almost in every parlor, and even a child could understand that she who clutched the prayer book once gave a young queen's stirring to every stalwart heart. That she should have turned to Colonel Franklin instead of the prayer book was improbable. But the glorious possibility existed, and Southerners older than I would, with more approval than bitterness, have wept at her wedding.

As for the Union boy and the Confederate boy who died in each other's arms that day beside Aquila Creek, was any battlefield of the sixties ever without them?

I knew, too, that precious pair, Felix Mann, sutler to the 6th, and Mr. Perkins, the patriotic pimp for Madame O'Riley whose girls followed the flag. Together these two collected the watches of the dead that night at Aquila. I know they came South after the war, as Mr. Mann suggested they might. They were Reconstruction. And they sneaked in my young anger after they were as dead as the men they robbed.

I am not sure when it was I recognized that all of them moved less from a war than in a pageant, and a pageant more narcotic than painful even to the South. I think perhaps recognition began when an authentic veteran told me first the old joke that at the Battle of Seven Pines there were not enough trees even for the officers. It was probably as nearly full grown as I was when towards the close of another war a race riot occurred in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. From its camp in Raleigh the tank corps was sent to suppress it. Tanks were new then and terrifying and when they lumbered down from their flat cars the rioting was over.

"Why, man," said one who reported the event, "the niggers and the white folks were hiding behind the same trees."

The war was ended then. Even more important, the legend had begun to alter from ravening to mellifluous. It does not matter greatly any more. It exists now only as Troy's tale exists and if Mr. Allen or anyone else chooses the war beyond the legend for romance or teaching, he can make General Phil Sheridan a philosophic gentleman instead of a hard-riding half brother to Attila, and not in the least lower his sales or increase anybody's anger south of Chambersburg. Thus the South has not so much escaped the effects of war as it has escaped the vastly more destructive effects of its own legend-making. History had few friends and no workers. But a folk epic, shaped not by simple folk but by weary ones, grew in the South. Nobody set it down, though many more than Mr. Allen have mined it for materials. It grew in long, slow-voiced conversations on piazzas and it was spread not only by ear but somehow also by mothers' milk. Children consumed it, too,

HERVEY ALLEN
From a portrait by Daniel Garber.

with hot biscuits and molasses. It was almost always in the decanter on the sideboard. Politicians opened their mouths only to let it escape. That legend told that the war had destroyed the South. Like most history and some romance and a great deal of talk about war it was untrue.

It may be good psychology but it is not Southern to believe that pain is forgotten. The South was hurt most because in remembering it made the war more evil than it was. Add quickly that it was evil enough: out of 12,000,000 people, white and black, in the Confederacy it is estimated that 200,000 men died of wounds, of disease, or in battle. In the World War 126,000 Americans died out of a population of a little over 100,000,000 (census: 105,710,620 in 1920). Had Americans then died at the Confederate rate 1,700,000 would never have come home. There was death enough certainly. And to property loss, such as all wars bring, add the freeing of the slaves who constituted a large part of all Southern wealth and the immediate wiping out of all obligation for wealth invested in the cause of Southern arms. The South had basis for despair. But for all its tragedy and loss the South was never so deeply stricken as it believed that it was. No nation ever is. Wars are reckoned in the injury of the living. But the new-born never are willing to wear old tragedy—unless they can be bound by legend. In the South for half a century they were.

It was a reverent legend, but also a paralyzing one. And it crossed the Southern land to all but do what Grant had never done, though he threatened he might: to waste the land so that a bird must carry rations in crossing it. Once there had been, so the children were told and so even the oldest folk came to believe—once there had been a South on which a civilization grew erect and gleaming as the Parthenon, or as the South's own white pillars before such mansions as had escaped the pyromania of William Tecumseh Sherman. In that land ladies and gentlemen moved in a decorum lit by gaiety and learning, and their Negroes labored as happily as they danced. There were no other people worthy of consideration. But the Yankees came down as barbarians have always come down—from the North. And the South was left in such ashes as those which Colonel Franklin, reluctant gentleman under orders, made when he turned the high house of Elizabeth Crittendon into the pyre of Elizabeth Crittendon's soldier husband. Afterwards the South sat back—the children fanned away the flies till their arms ached—and dreamed. Sometimes—I say it who should not—the South slept. There was no virtue in any other thing. Memory, creative memory, was preferable to motion. The wound was too wide, the poverty was too vast. There was hardly a flaw in Southern economics, sociology, agriculture, living or dying, which was not somehow attributable to the war. Slowly it became the sonnambulant alibi for every fault of the section and for every deficiency of the people in it.

Of course, and fortunately, it was not true. In 1870, five years after the complete destruction of Southern civilization, which had been based on cotton as much as upon slavery, the South produced the biggest cotton crop it had ever raised and got the most money it had ever received from cotton for it. By that time, too, the tenant farming, which preserved most of the advantages of slavery and few of its obligations, had been insti-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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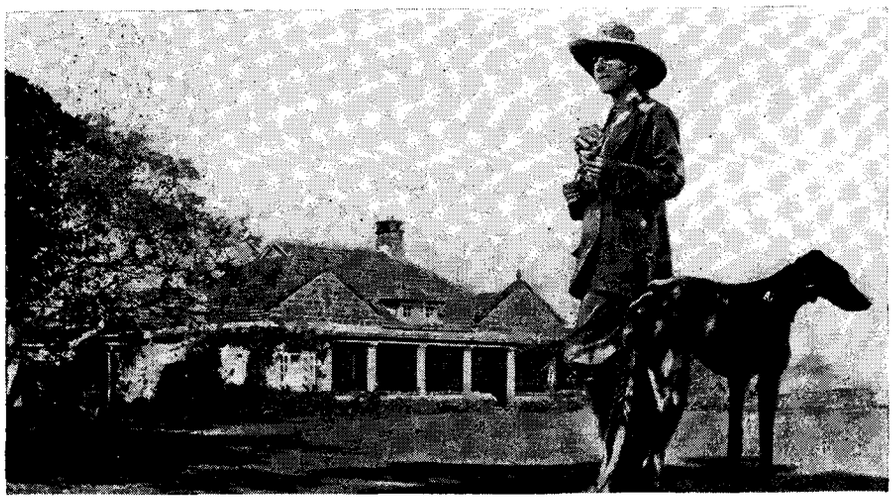

ISAK DINESEN ON HER AFRICAN FARM

African Earth

OUT OF AFRICA. By Isak Dinesen. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

"I HAD a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills." Isak Dinesen's story begins as simply as that, and continues without visible artifice, fluently and precisely, to tell of the author's life on a Kenya coffee farm. It will be wondered, perhaps, that "Seven Gothic Tales" and this book should stem from the same talent, but I feel no discrepancy there; the strange, ecliptic light of the earlier stories is nearly that of the Ngong Hills when the rains are starting, or when the terrible grasshoppers half obscure the sun; that farm, though its flax and coffee failed, could most credibly grow the Gothic Tales.

For twelve years the author struggled to make a go of it, supported in sympathy by the dark people she loved, the Kikuyu, who had a home no longer since the whites had taken his land, the proud Somali, the Masai warrior who lived upon milk and blood and walked with "his chin stretched forward, as if he were presenting you his sullen, arrogant face upon a tray." Lions and leopards prowled on the lawn of the farmhouse. Hyenas made love there. When a child was shot by his playmate the score of native squatters came to the farm for arbitration, as the father of the dead boy must be indemnified in sheep. Queer, twisted Europeans sought the farm as refuge, the lonely hunters, the dreamy criminals, Old Knudsen, the charcoal burner, who thought to lift from the bottom of the lake the guano that had been deposited there since the beginning of the world. And Lulu, the gazelle, came for a while to dance.

Isak Dinesen's particular art is that of expanding a small story exquisitely, so that each detail of it shines through her splendid prose and none is needless. Her cook, Kamante, in less certain hands, would be just a waif whom she had healed, but he is individual as she tells of him, "full of sweetness and fire." Lulu, to a lesser eye, would be a simple pet and not the rare thinking creature she describes.

The farm failed her in the end. It died with the great King Kinanjui and her friend Denys whom lions mourned. Her natives were uprooted, losing more than their land—their very identity. The tale of increasing tragedy which fills the latter half of the book seems not quite so successful as her earlier chapters, for it tapers with her hope as she discloses it, and the minute essays "From an Immigrant's Notebook" are not of equal force. But her book has a solid core of beauty in it, and a style as cadenced, constrained, and graceful as we have today. It is deservedly a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for March.

Ice Ballet

By SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

THE ice burns like a moon on fire.
The ladies of the ballet come,
Each gliding on a single skate,
Their balance perfect and precise
Upon the glitter of the ice,
As though they dared the upper air
Upon a hidden silver wire.
And now they turn, and turning, show
White boots and tinsel, skirts like snow,
Like flower petals blowing wide
And tossed upon a frozen tide.
The skates like stars in rhythm glide,
And where they pass a frost-wreath lies.
There is no music but the quick
Sure stroke of steel on living ice,
A sound like arrows in the night,
A sound like winter dreams in flight!

How to Be a Dictator

I KNOW THESE DICTATORS. By G. Ward Price. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

TO those who have been somewhat puzzled by recent events in London—probably a large majority of Americans—this book is warmly recommended. Although written before the resignation of the popular Foreign Minister, it makes clear, by implication at least, many of the issues dividing the cabinet. As foreign correspondent for the Rothermere newspapers, Mr. Price has long represented that portion of British opinion most favorable to Italy and Germany and most anxious for the rapprochement which Mr. Chamberlain is now seeking. Willing to accept fascism and national socialism as legitimate nationalist movements and as strong bulwarks against communism, this journalist expresses in somewhat exaggerated form the point of view which motivates the victorious enemies of Mr. Eden. Whether these Conservatives are actually jeopardizing their own interests by opposing both the Soviet Union and the League of Nations, as Sir Norman Angell suggested in his recently published "Defense of the Empire," remains to be seen. Their attitudes and objectives, now in the ascendant, are here presented in a book which combines intimate glimpses of Mussolini and Hitler, an informal style with systematic disregard of all the formal rules of paragraphing, interesting photographs, and the influential opinions of Viscount Rothermere.

It would be difficult to imagine a more laudatory biography of either Mussolini or Hitler than Mr. Price has provided, based upon his personal acquaintance with both men. In contrast to the charges ranging from Machiavellianism to lunacy which characterize most descriptions, this volume portrays the dictators as warm-hearted heroes who have rescued their respective countries from the horrors of bolshevism. While avoiding the cliché that the fruits of dictatorship are prompt trains, Mr. Price reports favorably on the new highways and other public works, the physical development of the younger generation, and the growth of national self-respect. He insists that both statesmen desire peace, but not at the price of communism; post-war history, particularly the Spanish conflict, is analyzed entirely in these terms. Defeat of "the Reds" is made the justification of many episodes which have aroused the wrath of less enthusiastic observers. Both the Matteotti murder and the Reichstag fire receive a liberal dash of whitewash, and the conquest of Ethiopia and the Jewish persecutions are applauded.

Whatever the outcome of these dic-

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tatorships, it is obvious that the dictators themselves are extraordinary individuals, endowed with unusual capacities for leadership and profoundly affecting human history. Arising from humble origins, fighting for unpopular causes, brooding in prisons, and finally mastering all obstacles, Mussolini and Hitler make a Horatio Alger hero seem a lugubrious failure by comparison. Although Hitler is described as essentially a visionary and Mussolini a man of action, they have many important and minor qualities in common: concentration, perseverance, physical stamina and courage, retentive memory, abstemious habits, simple tastes, love of music, and fondness for children. If Mr. Dale Carnegie should write a volume entitled, "How to Become a Dictator," he would find excellent source material in this spirited account of two contemporary successes in the field.

James Frederick Green is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Philadelphia Memoirs

LANTERN SLIDES. By Mary Cadwalader Jones. Privately printed (The Merrymount Press.) 1937.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

ALTHOUGH this little book is not issued for general circulation it richly deserves a notice in *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Jones was a sister-in-law of Edith Wharton. While not a professional writer herself, she grew up in a world that knew good writing and has practised it in this little volume. It is, unfortunately, only the beginning of what would have been a rich autobiography, for her death intervened before the story had gone beyond the 1870 period. However, what she wrote, and particularly what she says by way of description of the opulent, cultivated, easy-going Philadelphia of the pre-Civil War period, is of great interest and real value to social history. She knew everybody in the professional groups and saw much more than a young girl usually sees, for after her mother's death she became a companion and sometimes secretary to her father. She was in Charleston before the fall of Richmond and describes the condition of that unhappy city at its lowest moment. She knew not only all Philadelphia society but the celebrities who moved through Philadelphia, and when she went abroad she went under the best auspices for the preparation of an autobiography. The description of Havana is charming. But those who read this little book should do so for its intimate picture of the way well-to-do civilized Americans lived in a community which was neither intellectual New England, commercial New York, nor the plantation south. It should go in all bibliographies of books about Philadelphia.

The Portrait of a Caste

HELEN'S TOWER. By Harold Nicolson. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

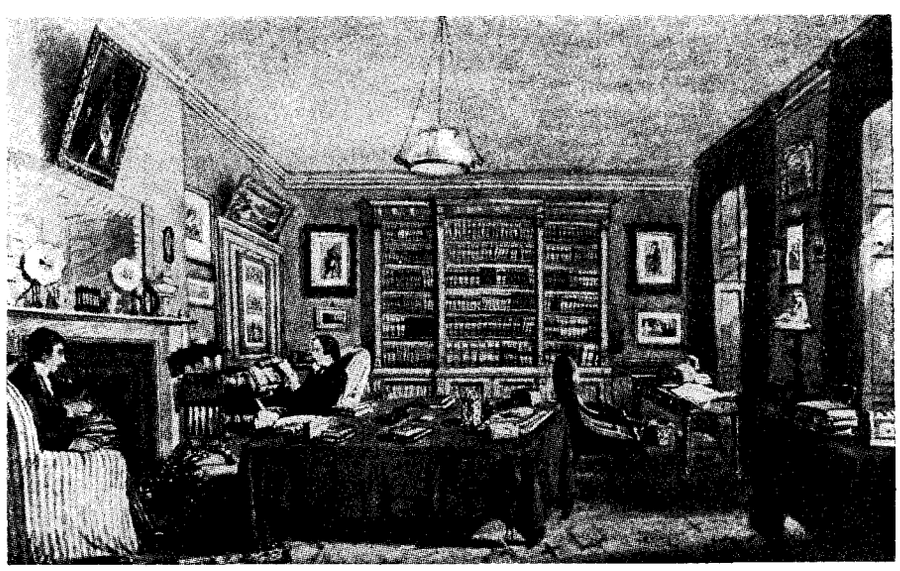
THIS book—a memoir of Frederick, fifth Baron Dufferin and first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava—is at once "a study in transitions" and the author's personal tribute to his "Uncle Dufferin." The biographical sequence is delayed and, in one sense, defined by a series of autobiographical passages. These passages contain Mr. Nicolson's childhood memories of his proconsular uncle by marriage, and they are written with that lucid charm which this author so fortunately possesses, and with a rare, always rare, combination of reverence, affection, humor, and perspicacity. They might easily have been exiled in a foreword; but, if they had been, the real purpose of the book—if I understand it rightly—would not have been achieved.

But, before attempting to discuss that purpose, I think that something should be said about Mr. Nicolson's somewhat obscurantist phrase, "a study in transitions." In the early life of Lord Dufferin the transitions were purely personal. A handsome, witty, and courteous Whig, he came to maturity in those serene and singular years between the final Chartist collapse and the Crimean War, years when Land and Industry reached a momentary truce, and young noblemen could be carefree as never before or after. Once he had come down from Oxford, where he had been something of an ascetic, Lord Dufferin scarcely needed to ask in order to receive. A shower of privileges—an English peerage, or a glimpse of warfare, or a tow from an imperial yacht—cascaded into his lap because he was titled and wealthy.

Then there followed those searchings of the heart when the Whig in Lord Dufferin shivered on the stark threshold of Liberalism . . . and drew back. He "was not by temperament attuned to the industrial revolution"; nor, in spite of his humanity, and because of his inherited prejudices, could he stomach the more indigestible portions of Mr. Gladstone's policy.

It was not surprising that Lord Dufferin, with his odd, un-English mixture of romanticism and hard-headedness, with his alien charm, his deep sense of religion, his extreme personal integrity, should have been steered away from English politics and towards diplomacy. Why not? He was ambitious, so he said. He ardently desired not to be a failure. And when that transition occurred—which Mr. Nicolson specifically places between the years '50 and '60—from oligarchy to plutocracy, the field for a diplomatist was noticeably increased. And a great diplomatist Lord Dufferin became: his career, once started, moved splendidly upwards. Governor-General of Canada, Ambassador to Russia and to Turkey, Viceroy of India, Ambassador to Italy and to France.

But underneath all this there lay another transition at which Mr. Nicolson does not even hint. And that was the transition whereby the oligarch became the unwitting servant of the plutocrat: a transition of which Lord Dufferin's career affords a notable example. This transition contains one of the most fascinating and profound stories of the English nineteenth century; and though, perhaps, it could not be documented without dullness—if at all—it could certainly be outlined. Yet even when Lord Dufferin, an old and innocent victim, is caught in the toils of finance, it does not occur to Mr. Nicolson to point out an obvious but inescapable irony. For his



LORD DUFFERIN IN HIS ROOMS AT OXFORD, WITH THE EARL OF GLASGOW.

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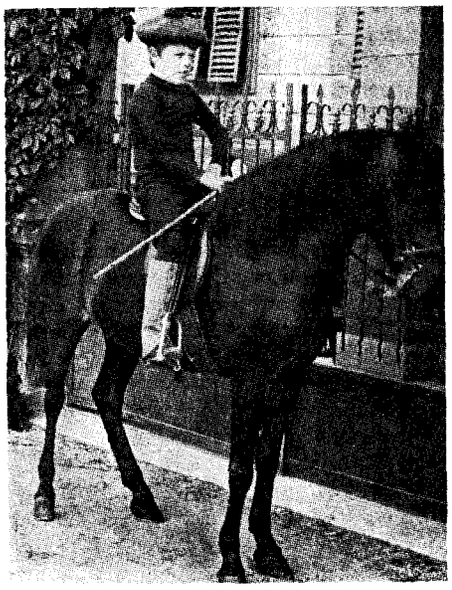

HAROLD NICOLSON IN 1895
From a photograph taken in Bulgaria.

uncle certainly fell a victim to that protean master whom, as an upright imperialist, he had served all too well.

The transitions are here—Lord Dufferin's gaiety, his disillusionment, his triumph, and his decline—but they are too shadowy. And the transition which gives them their historical significance is not even adumbrated. Why is this? What is the real purpose of the book? The answer, it seems to me, is to be found in Mr. Nicolson's choice of a title. Helen's Tower was a romantic structure, a "nobleman's folly," which Lord Dufferin built six years before his mother's death in honor of that uniquely beautiful character, and which remained as a memorial —and a symbol. It was a symbol of all those secret forces—estates, lineage, privilege—which sustained Lord Dufferin on his historical mission. It stood for something even more important to Lord Dufferin than his annexation of Burma.

And here, I think, the purpose of the book is revealed. It is the portrait of a caste, the caste of the English oligarchs, of which Lord Dufferin was a late but more than ordinarily pleasant representative. And this is why history—often to the reader's bewilderment, sometimes to his annoyance—is made to retire before a boy's memories of a great, damp, green estate in Ireland, of ambassadorial dinner tables, footmen's coiffure, a domestic museum, some staircases and rooms, lamplight, night fears. In this way an indirect but searching light is thrown upon the background, the intimate and secret life, of an almost extinct oligarchy.

But on the historical significance of Lord Dufferin, the ironical contrast between his faith and his works, no light is thrown. In this respect, the reader may feel that he has been sadly cheated. It is only if he will accept the book as the portrait of a caste, that he will be obliged to admit—as this reader does—that he has been charmed and instructed.

Newspaperwoman

ASSIGNED TO ADVENTURE. By Irene Kuhn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

IRENE KUHN is one of the more aggressive and adventurous spirits among women reporters. Her newspaper career began in Syracuse, although she was born in Greenwich Village. She returned to New York and was hired by the *Daily News* shortly after that tabloid was born. During one of the seasonal and typical retrenchments of the newspaper business she was let out and decided to accompany a cosmetic manufacturer to Paris where he was opening a branch office and where he needed an advertising copywriter.

Phyfe
IRENE KUHN

She was unable to see eye to eye with the cosmetic manufacturer on the subject of prose style and her job gradually lost definition. She had come to Paris, however, armed with letters to various American newspapermen working on Paris editions of American newspapers. Floyd Gibbons gave her a job on the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*. As a reporter she interviewed various celebrities, chased Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the draft evader, through Switzerland, and burst into the arena of international politics. After a romantic but unhappy interlude, she decided to leave for the Far East.

She arrived in Shanghai, again joined the American newspaper corps, and remained there for seven years. During this period she married Bert L. Kuhn, correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. They left for Hawaii to have a baby on American soil and three days before the baby was born she scooped the world on the great tidal wave that inundated a large section of the territory. The Kuhns returned to China where Irene set up housekeeping in the International Settlement. She resumed her correspondence, sent back stories on communist infiltration, Japanese encroachment, feature stories on American personalities in China. She trailed Margaret Sanger through sections of the Far East while the indomitable little eugenist engaged in her valiant but futile campaign to control Chinese vital statistics.

Irene Kuhn's story is crammed with rich anecdotes and pleasant animadversions about roving newspapermen and oriental behavior. It is all warmly and colorfully described in her autobiography, which properly belongs among the best of personal newspaper histories of the past few years.

North of Stockholm

THE BLUE DRAGOONS. By Curt Berg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

IN the north of Sweden close to the Finnish border lies the province of Norrland, a region very different both topographically and in the characteristics of its inhabitants from the fertile southern part of the country. The people of Mr. Berg's novel are mostly officers in a cavalry regiment, stationed towards the end of the last century in a small garrison town on the Gulf of Bothnia in this region. Though some of these men and their wives have a certain affection for the place in which they live, the majority spend the long winters dreaming of comparatively tropical Stockholm and the lands further south, where one day by luck or retirement they may hope to return. The picture of military life in this outpost is a good one: the tradition-bound mess regulations, the intrigues, the occasional scandals are all well introduced into the narrative scheme. Equally effective is the discreetly undramatic yet moving central plot, which is concerned with a guileless young lieutenant and his almost unconscious love affair with his brother's wife.

The descriptions of gay regimental entertainments during the brief, hot summer, the little sketches of military martinets and eccentrics (one officer even installs a harem close to the Arctic Circle!) may seem a bit remote and lacking in vital import to us, but the author has built up his effects cunningly, and it is safe to say that readers who get through the slowish opening chapters will be thoroughly interested in the rest of the book, both setting and story. Much of it is unlike the run of recent Scandinavian fiction, and bears distinct signs of Teutonic influences, notably in one episode suggesting the younger Mann's work—the death of an officer afflicted with heart trouble in the midst of a regimental fete. Influences or no influences, however, this is an excellent and well planned story with an unusual background, worth translating and worth reading.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Romans à Clef (3)

ANYONE who follows the popular magazines knows that some writers tell the same story over and over with only the slightest modification. The names of the characters change; the hero, who was a physician last time, is a lawyer this time and will be an insurance agent, a gadget manufacturer, or a junior-grade lieutenant next time; the heroine is successively a teacher of French, a slangy stenographer with a hardboiled exterior over a heart of gold, a willful but generous rich girl who sees that her father's condemnation of the hero is unjust, and a pure night-club singer who overhears the conspiracy being formed. But the action is always the same, the emotions involved are a constant, the problem is always solved in the same way, and about the only deviation from formula which the author permits himself is a spinner play which has the heroine instead of the hero unmasking the villain and saving the gadget factory.

No one who observes successive applications of a formula in the magazines, however, concludes that the writer is telling the story of his own adventures, emotions, frustrations, and ambitions. If all his stories are Cinderella stories, or gentle-brute stories, or breaking-heart-behind-dead-pan stories, that merely signifies that such stories are sure fire. If the heroine always has grey eyes and auburn hair, no one decides that a pre-Raphaelite wench once broke the author's heart but only that he has discovered a popular preference for that color combination. If the problem solved by the story is always how loyalty to one's ideals may be reconciled with a grand passion, the usual assumption is not that the writer has had to solve it for himself but only that he has found the public responsive to it. . . . We may define the professional writer of fiction, as distinguished from the artist in fiction, as one who knows what components go into a good story, mixes them together without reference to his own private needs, and has the skill to make them into a short story or a novel that will capture the belief of readers.

That very definition, however, implies that things are otherwise with the artist in fiction—and that the assumption of the novelist's friends and the critic's search for personal sources are not altogether chimerical. If the professional writer is one who can write without consulting his own deep needs, the artist is one who must consult them, who cannot write except from the basis of his own experience of the world and mankind. If that is so, criticism assumes, surely there must be some way of approaching the process in reverse, some way of traveling back from the novel itself through all the devious ways of creation till we reach the germinal experiences from which all grew. A novel is the distillation and elaboration and appraisal of the novelist's experience: surely we can recover his personal history from it. Surely we can read it as a *roman à clef*.

So innumerable essays in criticism have assumed. Yet the only method of research into this mystery that inspires confidence in a disinterested bystander ends by announcing limits beyond which the research cannot go. In the long coöperation between a novelist-patient and a psychoanalyst much of the origins and elaborations of fiction could be established, but criticism is denied that dynamic coöperation and so cannot use the Freudian theories with assurance. Those theories enable criticism to make interesting observations, reveal interesting relationships, and describe some literary mechanisms with considerable accuracy, but such findings must usually be superficial and must always be tentative and incomplete. And especially they will confine what criticism says about origins to a series of broad and not specifically applicable generalizations: they will not identify personal appearances in fiction. The true reading of the *roman à clef* must remain one of the many things which criticism can never know.

The Freudian psychology asserts that the processes most like the writing of a novel are those of dream-making and phantasy-making. The novelist utilizes the same psychic material as the dreamer and the daydreamer, and he applies to them frequently similar and sometimes identical mechanisms. Psychoanalysis believes that nothing happens by chance and that the laws of economy of matter and of energy apply in the psychological as well as in the physical world, and it therefore assumes that no important emotion will get into a novel unless it has personal importance for the novelist. But unless it can apply its techniques to the novelist in person, it cannot undertake to say just why and just how any emotion became important to him. A novel is *like* a dream but how far it *is* a dream no one on the outside can say.

Thus, if a literary psychoanalyst examining a dozen novels by one man found the same emotional pattern in them all he would feel confident that the pattern was personally important to the novelist. Our magazine writer's using the Cinderella plot a dozen times means only that the Cinderella plot is sure fire, but the reappearance in a dozen different novels of the same constellation of anxiety, the same kind of relationship between characters, or the same mechanism of gratification or release, would indicate that it expressed a constant need of the novelist. Using this clue, literary psychoanalysis might then show in detail how the psychic energy involved gave warmth and vitality to many parts of the novels. But just how that particular energy was related to the actual experience of the author, just how much of it was personal history and how much observation or phantasy, and just how it was worked out in the characters of any given novel—psychoanalysis must refuse even to guess.

For if a novel is like a dream and if it uses similar mechanisms, then we may expect it to use similar disguises and subterfuges. Dick Roe was quite right, two weeks ago, in maintaining that he transcribed experience in only the most trivial passages of his books. If a novel is like a dream, then the more important its material is to the novelist, the more certainly it will be subjected to the processes which the trade-jargon of psychology calls displacement, condensation, symbolization, and secondary elaboration. The more vital a novel's material is in the novelist's personal history, that is, the more it will be distorted on the printed page. If Dick Roe's adolescent passion for Imogene was really important to him, then criticism is certain to be misled when it tries to identify Imogene among the characters of his new novel.

It may well be that the relationship between Dick and Imogene is in the novel. But when Dick dreams he is likely to split himself up into three or four different actors, and when he writes a novel he may displace various parts of his personality on as many characters. When he dreams about Imogene the only allusion to her in the manifest content of the dream may be a jewel that someone wears or a fleeting smile on the face of an actor who has nothing else in common with her. In a novel also the live emotions in Dick's psyche that are related to Imogene may have no more direct expression than that jewel or that smile. When Mary Smith, one of Dick's current friends, finds in his new novel a scene which seems to describe her flirtatious half-hour with him at the country club, she should humble herself and be furious at Dick—for it means that she has never meant much to him and so can serve as a safe surrogate for some really important Imogene of long ago. And if Mary Smith, whom Dick has kissed with great conviction, cannot read the symbols right, criticism at a greater distance had better give up the job.

B. DV.

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Letters to the Editor: *The* Ocra, *Mr. Gilligan?* *No, the* Orca, *Mr. Dinneen*

Mr. Davis Objects

SIR:—The review of Edmund Gilligan's novel "Boundary against Night" in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* contains a major error in every paragraph and, in some sentences, two errors.

To begin with the opening sentence: There is no "mass drowning" in the opening scene. If you will look at page 13, you will see that the ship was destroyed in such a violent manner that the men died before they could drown. The sentence is: "A light like high noon glared and, in that frightful illumination, the *Orca* leaped into the air, burst, and fell. She became a shower of golden fragments." The name of the ship is twice misspelled. It is the *Orca*, a whale's name, not the *Ocra*. The sailor, Coventry, did not return to Beacon Hill, but to Beacon Street, a different matter, and (page 38) moves to the Hill later. His neighbors are not abnormal. . . .

The second sentence says that the lives of all those he (the blind Coventry) touches are deformed or emasculated. This is wholly false. His most intimate friends are the cobbler, the policeman, Laura James, Mrs. Bannon and her son, Enos. They are enriched by their contacts.

The review speaks of "characters disposed of with such dispatch that the reader has little opportunity to become acquainted with them." The first death is that of Gabriel Bannon on page 268 when, as the review says, interest in him has existed for half the book. His characterization is complete and his suicide inevitable when he dies. Hargedon, who enters on page 48, dies on page 438, and his death is the second. Furthermore, there is not even one murder in the whole book, if by that word we understand a deliberate act. . . .

The review states that the soldiers, returning to Piety Corner long after the close of the war, walked all the way home from Boston. On page 171, Elizabeth, who is a lying gossip, tells Mary McBride that a soldier boy walked home. It was her imagination. The other soldiers actually arrive on a train. . . . The review says that a walk home was not likely because the State of Massachusetts paid a $100 bonus. This is correct. However, it was paid long after the men were mustered out. . . .

The review, with questionable purpose, then gives away the dramatic turn of the Piety Corner burial scene by saying the soldier's arm was "shot off in France" and calls this an "impossible touch." Yet on page 238, Felix shows clearly the arm was cut off by an army surgeon. Moreover, the scene takes place at Piety Corner in Wayland at dusk, not in Sudbury at midnight. . . .

The last sentence of this paragraph is, perhaps, the strangest error of all. The review says that the next day one of the soldiers (Gabriel) "sees his mother and shoots himself." In this scene, from page 262 to 268, the Roman Catholic intellectual, his body broken and his spirit betrayed by the war, kills himself after his first interview with his fiancée, Laura, whom he has not seen for years. His mother is not present. This is, in fact, the turning-point of the narrative and must be read to understand the story at all.

The next paragraph of one sentence is entirely wrong. The incident takes place 60 pages before the review says it does. The girl is called a prostitute. She is not. She is "a sullen girl of twenty, bearing some secret, mysterious anger in her heart." . . .

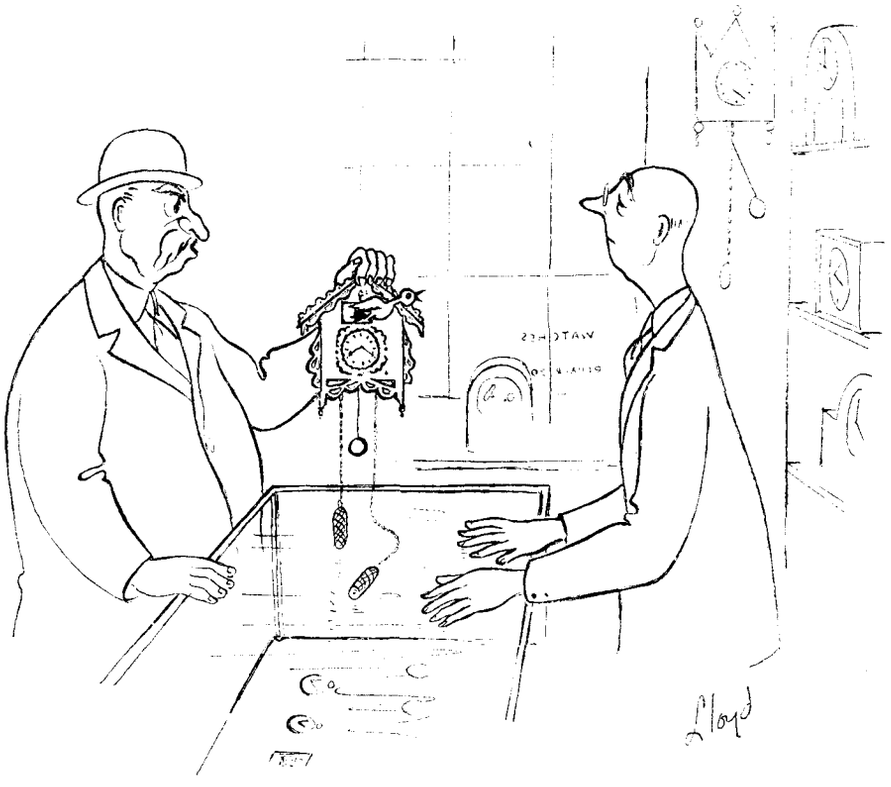
It is stated that the author did not know Coolidge, but the newspaper files in New York and Boston contain stories signed by Gilligan in which Calvin Coolidge appears exactly as he appears in the novel and speaks in the same garrulous vein. . . .

The review states that the girl, Laura, is raped by four Negroes in the riots of the police strike. The rape is an implication and there are no Negro men in the scene. An important misstatement is that all of the characters are killed. Among the important persons left alive are: Enos Bannon and his mother, Olivia; Laura James, Elizabeth and Martin Zimmerman, Nice Anna, and several others.

These are the sins of commission. The sins of omission are even greater. The artistic merits and faults of the book are entirely neglected. Its faithfulness to a new and sound conception of the novel form is completely ignored.

BOB DAVIS.

The Sun,
New York City.



"HE MAKES ME NERVOUS. HE'S ALWAYS READING OVER MY SHOULDER"

Mr. Dinneen Replies

SIR:—In nearby columns the man who discovered O. Henry comes to bat for the man who knew Coolidge and I am arraigned by Bob Davis for my review in this magazine of Edmund Gilligan's "Boundary against Night." Davis and Gilligan are both on the *Sun* and have had an opportunity to confer in the preparation of this indictment. These are the counts and the answers:

DAVIS: There is no "mass drowning" in the opening scene. The ship was destroyed in such a violent manner that the men died before they could drown.

DINNEEN: How does Davis know? The sentence he quotes does not tell him so. Did Gilligan tell him personally? If everybody on the *Orca* was blown to bits, why was not Coventry blown to bits with them? If Coventry could float around in the water, still alive, others might have so floated, too. Personally, I don't care whether they were drowned or blown away. The point is, they aren't here any more.

DAVIS: The name of the ship is twice misspelled.

DINNEEN: Guilty. I named the ship for the plant not the whale. If any prospective reader was frightened away because I confused "Orca" and "Ocra," that reader hasn't missed much, but I apologize. Score: Davis 1—Dinneen 0.

DAVIS: The sailor did not return to Beacon Hill, but to Beacon Street.

DINNEEN: The best known part of Bea-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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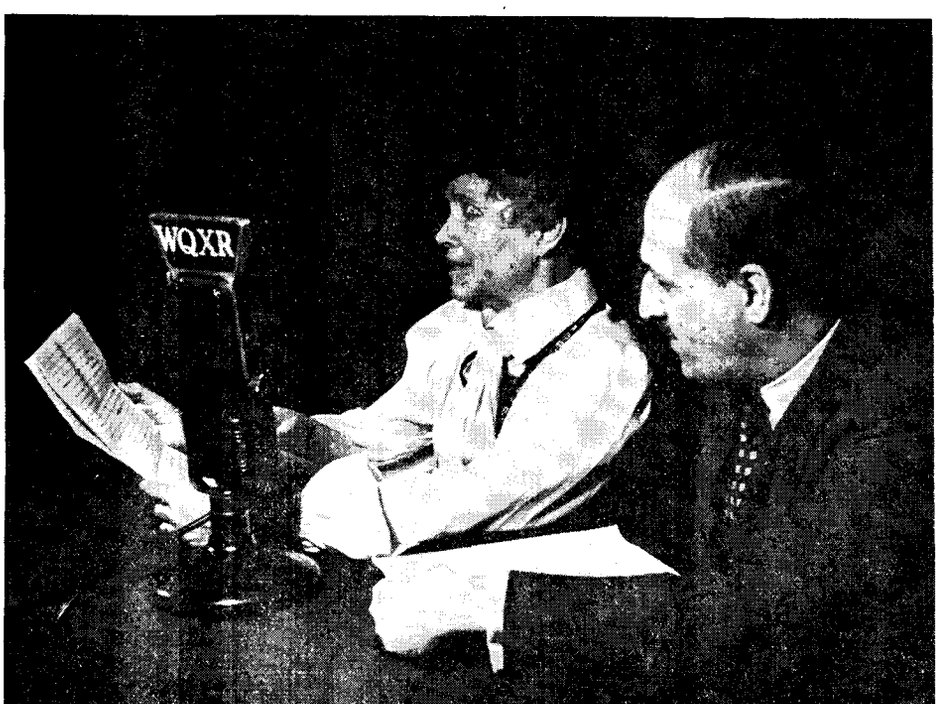
Margery Sharp looks over New York from the roof above her publishers' office. She is here to supervise casting for the dramatic version of her recent novel, "The Nutmeg Tree." Unique among visiting British novelists, Miss Sharp is *not* lecturing. . . . (Below) Manfred B. Lee plus Frederic Dennay spells Ellery Queen. This detective author, who comes in two parts, talks to himself during cocktail hour at the Algonquin.

Frazier Hunt (above), author of "One American and His Attempt at Education," the autobiography of a globe-trotting newspaper man, relaxes in his Riverside Drive apartment . . . (Below) Dorothy Canfield Fisher broadcasts an enthusiastic review of G. A. Borgese's "Goliath" over WQXR on a Book-of-the-Month Club program, as Harry Scherman, president of the Club and author of "The Promises Men Live By," looks and listens.



Burton Rascoe with Helen Simpson—author of "Under Capricorn"—photographed at a dinner of the Women's National Book Association on the Belmont Plaza roof. Inset, Lady Ethel Boileau, whose latest novel is "Ballade in G Minor," at the same party.

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omas Mann, whose "Joseph in Egypt" was blished last week, has just arrived from rich for a coast-to-coast lecture tour. bject: "The Coming Victory of Democracy."

lmund Gilligan (above), author of "Boundary ainst Night" (see page 9), in his office at the Y. *Sun* . . . Below, Commander Edward Ellsrg with his MS (handwritten) of "Hell on Ice." *aturday Review News Pictures of the Month.*)

On Shakespeare's Trail

I, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Do Appoint Thomas Russell, Esquire. . . . By Leslie Hotson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN

THIS is a vivid book. Leslie Hotson has recreated from the records of those litigious Elizabethans—who were forever going to law about deer forests, daughter's marriage portions, boundaries, leases of country houses—the very form and pressure of living moments. Famous events such as the Cadiz Expedition, the Essex uprising, the Gunpowder Plot, and famous names such as Bacon, Southampton, Ralegh occur in this book. But lending depth and reality to these high figures is a whole troop of little-known persons, cousins and younger brothers, wives and stepdaughters, with whom the affairs and happiness of these great ones were entangled.

What is Shakespeare's place in this new and lively material, gathered from the papers of forgotten lawsuits, interpreted with keen knowledge of the interrelationships of families and political groups? The answer is that many doors are opened through which the poet might just have passed, though the tangible evidence is lacking.

Hotson would be the first, I think, to say that Shakespeare's place among these people is still hypothetical. The chief fact in his argument which relates Shakespeare to them is the poet's appointment of Thomas Russell as an overseer of his will. Until Hotson's researches, nothing much was known of this Russell. Hotson has identified him as living near Stratford for a large part of his life, a life of far-reaching and important connections. As these connections unfold, Hotson shows that through them, if Shakespeare were close to Russell (and his appointment of Russell as his "overseer" makes this closeness probable), he would obtain a certain insight and experience of affairs which, as a matter of fact, he did possess. Whether Shakespeare obtained this experience through Russell, Hotson does not conclusively prove. But he builds an hypothesis so probable that the reader of Shakespeare is deeply in his debt.

The hypotheses are ingeniously and convincingly documented. This Thomas Russell knew young Tobie Mathew, Bacon's *alter ego,* "a link," says Hotson, "which brings Shakespeare within interesting distance of Francis Bacon." Through the Berkeleys of Somerset, with whom Russell grew up, there were easy connections with Southampton, Shakespeare's known patron. Russell's second marriage to Anne Digges, widow of Thomas Digges, the astronomer, possibly opened another group of people to Shakespeare's acquaintance. The Digges mansion in London probably contained a portrait of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, with the names of two of his ancestors, Rosenkrans and Guldensteren, on the background. Shakespeare may have visited that mansion and seen the portrait with these two names which were later to appear in "Hamlet." The son of this house, Sir Dudley Digges, could have shown Shakespeare Strachey's unpublished report of the wreck containing details found in "The Tempest" but not available in print till long after Shakespeare wrote the play. Leonard Digges's verses on Shakespeare in the First Folio and the 1640 "Poems" take on new meaning when the arguments for his acquaintance with Shakespeare as a country neighbor are presented. Edward Catesby of the Gunpowder Plot had possible country connections with Shakespeare. In London, too, the rendezvous of Catesby and the other conspirators was the Mermaid Tavern, run by an innkeeper from whom Shakespeare bought property. There may be some echoes of this dark Gunpowder Plot in "Macbeth."

Hotson handles these inferences guardedly. "Shakespeare," he says, "was not given to drawing his characters on contemporary models. It would be fantastic to imagine that he took Catesby for Macbeth. Yet it is far from impossible that his invention received some stimulus from his knowledge." This statement applies to the book as a whole. From the unquestioned authority of newly discovered documents, arranged in the accurate pattern of known events, there emerges a sense of human contacts and issues with which Shakespeare may have been associated. The book enlarges our awareness of his probable life and experience, gives it a "local habitation and a name" of which the ghostly figure of his greatness is much in need.

This reviewer can imagine the objection of myopic scholarship to certain statements which are in the form of facts where they should be hypotheses. Shakespeare's actual intimacy with Russell and his circle can only be inferred. Yet Hotson frequently calls Russell Shakespeare's "friend" and states as fact many other hypothetical relationships. If, however, one follows the general argument closely, one will see that as a whole his claims are tentatively made. Moreover, there is much to be said for a positive hypothesis as against a negative vacuum. As Hotson says in arguing Shakespeare's probable connection with Willoughby, author of an unimportant poem, "Willobie his Avisa," with important biographical clues: "Far better to think of Shakespeare in amorous adventures . . . than as a monument without a tomb."

Esther Cloudman Dunn, professor of English at Smith, is the author of "The Literature of Shakespeare's England."

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BOOKS IN THE NEWS: China

BY CARL CROW

The Saturday Review asked Carl Crow, author of "400,000,000 Customers," to report on the Far Eastern situation as reflected in the growing shelf of current books on China and Japan. Mr. Crow's own book, published last summer, is the story of his years of experience as a business man in China. He is also the author of a short book on the background of the current conflict, "I Speak for the Chinese," published in December.

THE Far Eastern scene has always been too large and too complex for a single canvas and, as a result, we have had for a half century an increasing number of books which each present one phase of the picture or deal with one of the many geographical or political divisions. Not only is the scene complex but, at the present time, it also changes so rapidly that by the time the most careful appraisal of a situation has been printed, often indeed before it has been passed by the proofreader, the picture is no longer accurate. The ancient history of China marched to the slow and majestic tempo of the rise and fall of dynasties. Later, changes were measured by centuries, generations, and decades. This speed is too slow now. With the issue of war in China undecided, each dawning day may be a historic one.

Against this complex and swiftly moving scene there is a solid background of history in which few of the important facts are disputed, and a knowledge of these facts is essential if one is to read current books with understanding. "War in China"* by Varian Fry, is a fairly successful attempt to provide this background. It is inevitable that in a brief summary no one could possibly present the story in a perspective that other students would thoroughly approve. There are few blacks and whites in the Far Eastern picture, but many half tones; and no two students will agree as to their relative values. There can be no question as to the historical accuracy of Mr. Fry's book as there cannot be about any publication which has the endorsement of the Foreign Policy Association, but there is room for honest disagreement as to the value he places on many events.

Mr. Fry has in some places left parts of the picture blank. Very few Americans realize the important part their own countrymen have played in the development of Far Eastern countries, and this volume leaves them unenlightened. The interesting story of American efforts in the Far East was practically unknown until Tyler Dennett, after years of scholarly research, produced his invaluable "Americans in Eastern Asia," a book which is unfortunately out of print and very scarce in spite of the fact that it was published only sixteen years ago. In this work Mr. Dennett showed the fallacy of the old idea that the British initiated the treaties in the Far East and that all we did was to take the fruits of British conquest by reason of the "most favored nation" clause. Mr. Fry helps to perpetuate that fallacy by ascribing to the British the imposition on China of the provision of extraterritoriality, under which foreigners were subject only to their own laws and their own courts. The provision of extraterritoriality in its first practical and workable form appeared in the treaty negotiated by the American Commissioner, Caleb Cushing, who also formulated the "Open Door" policy which Hay later enunciated, not as an original idea, but a restatement of an old policy.

It was also an American who wrote the extraterritorial provisions into the treaty with Japan, later to be copied by all the other powers. This was done by Townsend Harris—one of the great but forgotten Americans who played a less dramatic but far more important part than Perry in opening Japan to the world. Harris himself thought the imposition of extraterritoriality in Japan was an injustice but wrote it into the treaty because he was told that the United States Senate would not ratify the treaty unless it were included. There were very few events in the Far East, and especially in China, in which the United States did not have a hand in shaping the policy of the foreign powers, and Mr. Fry goes counter to the opinion of almost all authorities when he says we "played no very important role there before the end of the nineteenth century."

Mr. Fry's summary also ignores the fact that our ethical and cultural interest in that country has always been more important than our financial interest. While the statement would be difficult to prove, it is undoubtedly true that America has given more to China for schools, hospitals, and mission work than she has ever taken out of the country in the form of profits on goods sold to the country. Henry L. Stimson, in his "Far Eastern Crisis," says this contribution constitutes the greatest private missionary effort ever made by one country to another, and pays tribute to its far-reaching influence not only in molding the thought of China but in creating a strong bond of sympathy and friendship between America and China.

Dr. Peter Parker, who went to Canton in 1830, was the first of thousands of American missionaries who, not content with the conversion of the Chinese to Christianity, also brought about widespread social reforms through the building of schools and hospitals. Until the establishment of the National government of China, American missionary societies not only led the educational work of the country, but practically carried the entire burden. A number of other countries sent missionaries there, but in education America did five times the work of all the rest put together. When the Japanese started the indiscriminate bombing of defenseless towns, it was inevitable that many American schools and hospitals would be destroyed because there are few important towns where they are not to be found.

Following the example set by the missionary societies, the American government gave to the cause of education in China by remitting the Boxer indemnity to be used for educational purposes. This resulted in sending hundreds of Chinese young men to American universities and they returned to instil new ideas

ANTI-JAPANESE DEMONSTRATION. *From "First Act in China."*

* Titles, authors, and publishers of all books discussed in this article are listed at the end.

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about American life into every section of China.

There were many causes which led to the downfall of the Manchu regime and the birth of a new China, but the constructive force which made this inevitable was the educational movement started, by Peter Parker. This new China, which was so rapidly coming to a mature growth when the present hostilities started, was the spiritual offspring of America and provided us with a foreign alliance of friendship and common interests in which there were no political entanglements. America's good neighbor attitude was not confined to China.

When Japan was opened to foreign trade, our missionaries raced with our merchants to take advantage of the new opportunities for humanitarian work. As in China, so in Japan, they were the first to establish schools and hospitals. At first these were gratefully accepted, but were later discouraged as the Japanese government frowned on a program of education over which it had no control.

Of the many pictures of a segment of the Far East which have appeared in recent years, one of the most brilliant is "Red Star over China," by Edgar Snow, a first-hand story of the heroic efforts of the Chinese communistic experiment in Northwest China. However, it remains but a segment of the China picture, and should be viewed as such—that is, against the background provided by Mr. Fry's book. In fact the very brilliance of Mr. Snow's journalistic achievement appears to have given the comparatively small communist group in China an importance which is out of all proportion to the facts. "First Act in China," by James M. Bertram, is supplementary to Mr. Snow's book and adds to the details of the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek at Sienfu, an event which historians of the future will have to appraise for its importance. Both Mr. Snow and Mr. Bertram would have written books with a broader view of the China scene if they had set their typewriters up anywhere in the world but in Peiping.

ANTI-COMMUNIST FORT AT SHANSI
From "First Act in China."

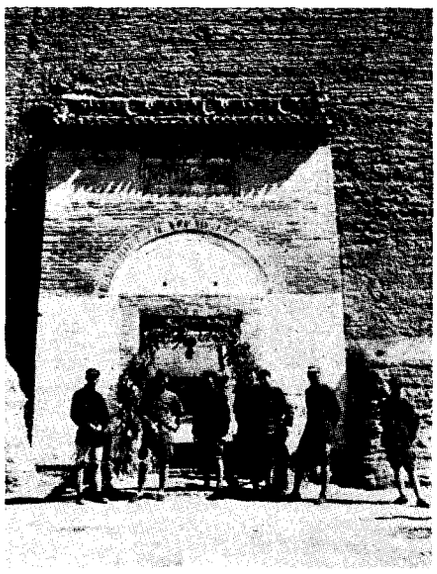
This has been the home of the political reactionaries of China, one of the most vigorous centers of opposition to the aims of the National government of China. It would, for example, have been impossible for Robert Berkov to write such a sympathetic sketch of the life of Chiang Kai-shek ("Strong Man of China") had he been manager of the Peiping rather than the Shanghai branch of the United Press. To write the life of a man who is in mid-career with possibilities of brilliant success or tragic failure is an ungrateful task, but Mr. Berkov has made the most of his opportunities. The picture he presents of the man who is China's outstanding leader is necessarily incomplete, but is the best that has yet been presented.

"Japan Defies the World," by Dr. James A. B. Scherer, is a book written by a sincere old gentleman who has spent the greater part of his life as a teacher in schools of Japan, formed many friendships, and has been highly honored by the Japanese government. With the wanton attack on China and the domination of the potentially peaceful and lovable Japan by the ruthless military dictators, Dr. Scherer found the Japan in which he lived destroyed. He has been treated, I think, very unfairly by the New York critics, especially by that growing number of realists who appear to have a contempt for honest moral indignation.

A more satisfactory book for the student is "Japan over Asia," by William Henry Chamberlin, a dispassionate and careful study of Japan's accomplishments, ambitions, and resources. It tells about the same story as that told by Dr. Scherer, but in more detail, and without the capital letters or the exclamation points of indignation.

Each volume of this small shelf of recent books to the Far East contributes its own restricted scene to the larger canvas. There are many contradictions as to statement of fact and disagreements as to opinion, but out of them all emerges a certain unity.

During the same century the isolation of China and Japan was broken down by impact with the West. At that time each country was ruled by a divine "Son of Heaven" and neither country knew anything of what is generally called "Western civilization." Japan was a small and compact country in which the rights of the individual were entirely subservient to the will of his feudal ruler. The adoption of Western ideas was forced on the people from above and so Japan became



RED CITADEL IN NINGHSIA PROVINCE. *From "Red Star over China."*

a modern nation as far as the outward trappings go, but both politically and socially remained medieval and feudalistic. Huge, sprawling China, a nation of individualists who paid but scant heed to the mandates of their Son of Heaven, was cautious, resentful, and suspicious. While the Japanese were Westernized in wholesale fashion by the orders of their war lords, the Chinese became Westernized individually, slowly, one by one. Thus the progress of China was slow and halting but, from the American point of view, their Westernization was sounder and more complete, for they absorbed American political ideals even more readily than they took up the use of Western machines. Thus the conflict in China is seen as one between medieval and modern political ideas. A Chinese victory would mean the establishment of a strong democratic nation. A Japanese victory would return all of Asia to the sort of tyrannical rule against which freedom-loving peoples of the world started revolting centuries ago.

Until this issue is decided, there will be interested readers for every book which adds to our knowledge of this complicated problem.

WAR IN CHINA. By Varian Fry. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 1938. *Cloth, 95 cents. Paper, 25 cents.*

AMERICANS IN EASTERN ASIA. By Tyler Dennett. New York: The Macmillan Co. Out of print.

THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS. By Henry L. Stimson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $3.75.

RED STAR OVER CHINA. By Edgar Snow. New York: Random House. 1938. $3.

FIRST ACT IN CHINA. By James M. Bertram. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $3.

STRONG MAN OF CHINA. By Robert Berkov. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.

JAPAN DEFIES THE WORLD. By James A. B. Scherer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $2.50.

JAPAN OVER ASIA. By William H. Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $3.50.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Mandrake Pills

IN a train to Baltimore I had fun thinking; or wondering. I saw again the old barns painted with the sign MANDRAKE PILLS, so familiar to my youth. It suddenly occurred to me, what were the pills taken *for*? Mandrake—mandragora—a drowsy syrup? Was that why it shrieked, hated to be disturbed? A soporific? Yet there used to be other rumors about the efficacy of mandrake, quite the opposite. But perhaps no one ever knew, not even Schenk who made them?

Whatever their purpose, apparently they served some need that doesn't exist North of Latitude Forty. Are there any barns painted MANDRAKE PILLS this side of Philadelphia?

* * *

There was a young lady whose suitcase was plastered with ecumenical baggage-labels, obviously phony. What a parable of education. We love to paste on our skull the labels of the Aristotle-Plaza, the Chaucer Inn, Shakespeare Falls, Walt Whitman Park; how rarely we've actually visited them.

* * *

The U. S. A., more than any other, is the land of Make-Believe, of Peter Pantheism, of fairy tales and Fortune Magazines. Its national anthem can't be sung, and now we have a machine (the "Exercycle") which (for $285) gives "exercise without exertion" and is smilingly bestridden (see Abercrombie & Fitch's circular) by young women in shorts. Even American dogs have little treadmills so they can exercise without going outdoors.

Nothing in the U. S., not even the trains, can be started without a jerk, or stop without a bang.

* * *

But the most astonishing tribute to human pertinacity is that there are still people, in a fatigued and dubious civilization, who have energy enough to wear spats.

* * *

On this train two books were being read. In a Pullman, a lady reading *Gone With the Wind*. In a day coach a man reading a life of Leonardo Da Vinci. This seemed to me a brief history of what that Harvard professor calls the Structure of Social Action.

* * *

An editorial *(Herald-Tribune)* says that some hospital is installing an exhibition room to amuse and pacify the Expectant Father while he's waiting for the news. But nothing will ever be more appropriate than the old engraving that used to hang in the little lurking-room for Fathers in the Sloane Maternity Ward. It was Landseer's *The Stag at Bay*.

* * *

Nothing, I told the young man in the diner, can surpass your privilege—a quite new one—of living in an era when everything is uncertain; when even middle-aged people, whose only excuse for existence was their absolute assurance, now titubate with doubt.—If it was not for Bishop Manning (I cried) the whole conception of Certainty would have perished from the earth.

* * *

No soda, I told the waiter: I'll take it straight. I don't believe in miscegenation.

* * *

But you can still believe in the Moon, I encouraged the young man. She is the original Glamor Girl.

* * *

Returning to the smoker, I found myself compiling two definitions of Literature. Unfortunately they exactly cancelled out, so I was left with nothing:—

Literature is an attempt to step down the voltage of life so as to make its contemplation endurable. . . .

Literature is an attempt (by selecting and intensifying) to melodramatize the dull rote of living into a higher order of composition. . . .

* * *

Any old grizzled baggage man on a railroad platform has seen things funnier or more dreadful than literature would dare to approach.

Goudy to Kuppenheimer to Kennerley

Goudiamus igitur (we have said before) has been the motto of printers for a good many years. As Stanley Morison has remarked, the types designed by Fred Goudy "have transformed the advertising pages of every magazine in America." (And also a good many abroad.) I am glad Morison laid the emphasis on advertising, for the artistic taste of frankly commercial print is often more sure than that of the de luxe literary publishers. Goudy himself began under a heavy influence of William Morris—whose dense illegible type and vast fringes and clots of decoration always seemed to me horrible. But Mr. Goudy made steady progress toward simplicity.

His time in late years must have been cut up by the hospitality of those wishing to do him honor. I see now that the Typophiles, a group of frolicsome gutenbergs, are going to dine him at the Amherst Club on March 8, in celebration of his 73rd birthday. Because Mr. Goudy has boldly fought against the horrors of excessive doodad in print, and because he has always preached that the finest type design is aware of handwriting as its norm, the Green is happy to add a humble applause.

The exciting story of Mr. Goudy's career has often been told—never better than by Milton MacKaye in the *New*

(Continued on page 18)

BLACKSMITH SHOP, WAUBEEK, IOWA: *Etching by Don Glosell.*

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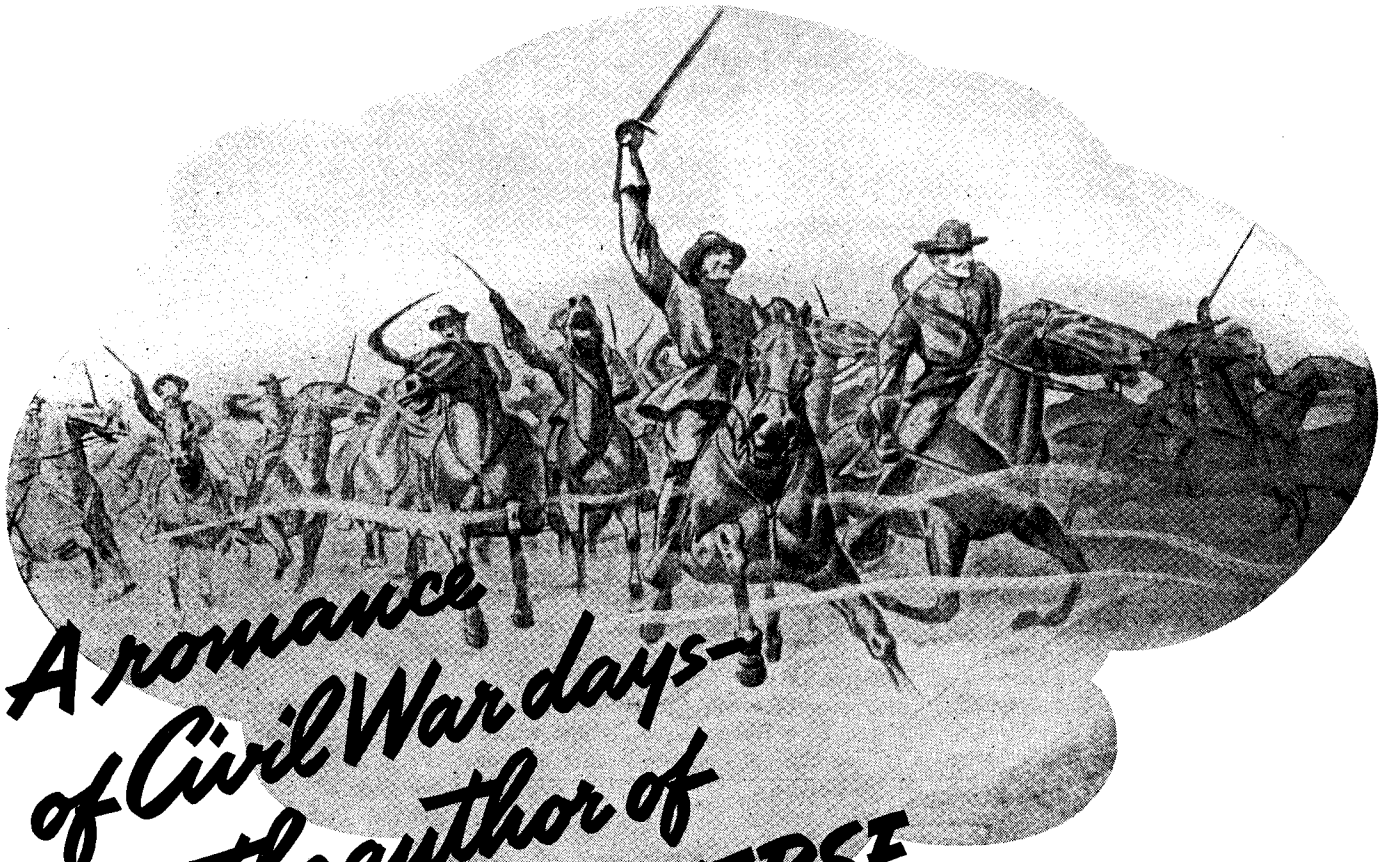

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Escape from a Legend

(*Continued from page 4*)

tuted. But the very people who raised that cotton with the labor of tenants went on repeating the legend. They forgot or disregarded or denied that the inevitable injury of slavery to both the master and the slave had already been done before the war began. The poor white man had long before been injured, too, and the scar of his injury has been his persisting hatred of the Negro, sometimes in violence, at the bottom of the South, and his distrust of the masters at the top. Those who had wealth cried most of poverty to keep taxes down (and schools poor). They cried Negro to keep low the wages of white men and Negroes both. They cheered the remembrance of war to divert and deny demands for reforms essential to productive peace. Of course the faults were not in the South alone. Men outside of the legend served it. In the more energetic North they energetically waved the bloody shirt to keep sectional advantage over the South which in a real sense across the decades extracted money tribute from the conquered states. Higher rose the tariffs, which long before the war had begun the process of sectional impoverishment. Long before the war, too, at least one Southern state had defaulted on its bonds, though there was not a single carpetbagger in the legislatures which issued them. The South went out fighting, still angry with a Southerner who had written that the slave South was already bankrupt. The war was every cruel, ugly, heart-breaking thing women wept that it was. But it gave gallantry a chance where good sense in the economic and social order had been too much wanting. Afterwards all the failure seemed —or was made to seem—one of good, brave, gallant men overwhelmed. (Consult also Ireland, Poland, modern Germany, and the second century Jews.)

The war was not the most tragic thing. Old Colonel Franklin at eighty might sicken in body and mind and soul at the sight of boys going off to band music in remembrance of the *Maine*. But Colonel Franklin in his thirties, though no fire-eater even then, could see from a shoulder of the Blue Ridge above Aquila, where he left his leg, that the feeling of war was "of burning a little more brightly than life could long bear." Certainly war gives every unscrupulous one from Madame O'Riley to Mr. Mann chance for swifter, more profitable evil-doing. But war is not the difference between Morgan Springs gaily crowded in the fifties and the same little resort under the lecherous control of the guerrilla Sergeant Smith (though there are few more exciting war episodes anywhere than this one of Colonel Franklin's overturning of the tyrant; none in this book). The tragedy of this civil war, the tragedy of Aquila where men died as dead as any died at Gettysburg, lay before and after the fighting. It lay in the slow snarling of peace into such a knot as could be undone only with a sword, and after in the lingering process of blaming of every trouble on the war.

All this may seem far beyond the realm of Mr. Allen's new book. But its importance lies largely in its probable audience and that audience's preoccupation with war. So it joins a huge body of modern literature which has been devoted to the fear and the foolishness of warfare. That literature is a writing which is often sad otherwise than is intended. For, though as drama much of it is excellent, as propaganda for peace too much of it has been scarcely superior to the tracts composed as propaganda for prohibition. The psychologists may need to probe this matter. Alcohol, as every sensible person knows, is dangerous stuff. Milk is inestimably more healthful. But Americans refused to be frightened permanently from their cups. It does not require the literary talent of the earth to prove that war is dangerous too. The young know that even when they march to the music of the bands, and march the prouder for it.

Death and decomposition are not pretty: the peace propagandists have proved that with a reiteration only equaled by the early Christians who destroyed a clean pagan attitude toward death as a means of hastening conversion to Christianity. But death and decomposition are not pretty even in the case of an old maid who died in her bed. Men who no longer read Ecclesiastes know that man is born to die. It is a good deal less sure that he is born to stirring life.

And beyond individual terror, the literature of our age has erected the threat that another war would destroy civilization. Since civilization is an inexact term, used as readily by Mussolini as by Roosevelt, that certainly is possible. The degree of the loss, however, would be hard to foretell. If ever a civilization was destroyed by war, it was by that war which Mr. Allen has taken for the subject and scene of his romance and of his casual philosophizing. But if there is any history, some things grow increasingly clear out of it: the civilization of the old South, which Colonel Franklin helped to

(*Continued on page 18*)

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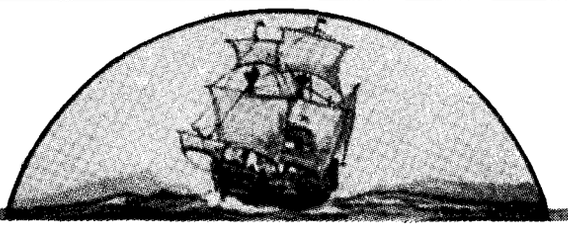

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The Amen Corner

"We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet tomorrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow."[1]

This may seem an unusual motto for a book of travel, but *Skye High,* The Record of a Tour through Scotland in the Wake of Samuel Johnson and James Boswell, by Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill,[2] is an unusual book of travel—or of anything else for that matter. "To know which places to 'yarrow' and which not to 'yarrow' is the beginning and end of the art of travel," remarks Mr. Pearson to Mr. Kingsmill.

But the two entertaining travellers—you will remember Hesketh Pearson's *The Swan of Lichfield,* Being a Selection from the Correspondence of Anna Seward,[3] about which Mr. William Lyon Phelps wrote to the Oxonian, "an enchanting book and you can print I said so"—the travellers did actually visit a vast number of places in fact as well as a vaster number in fancy, "talking discursively and wittily on a hundred subjects."—*(The New Republic).*

One of the places they visited in fancy was the kind of desert island where you are wrecked with all your favorite books. Mr. Pearson's list is *Henry IV* (I & II), *Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, King Lear, Othello,* Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides,* Hazlitt's *Essays,* Fielding's *Joseph Andrews,* Smollett's *Humphry Clinker,* and his own book *The Smith of Smiths.* Mr. Kingsmill declared for Wordsworth's *Poems,* the same two by Boswell, *Don Quixote, The Bible* (Mr. Pearson allowed this as one book), *King Lear, Macbeth, Henry IV*—at which point he refused to go on, on the ground that he always thinks in terms of authors for a desert island, not in single books.

The Oxonian has long since simplified that problem. He wishes to be wrecked with a complete set of the *World's Classics.*[4] In the little blue bindings you may find all the books mentioned by both Mr. Pearson and Mr. Kingsmill, except the two Boswell works, which are published in one special volume[5] in the *Oxford Standard Authors,* and Mr. Pearson's life of Sydney Smith. Let us hope, however, that the works of such an entertaining author may some day be classics!

After the recent gratifying response of the admirers of Constance Holme, you will forgive a reminder that her works are already in the *World's Classics.* Four of them, too, have lately been issued in a larger format, with pictorial jackets.[6]

THE OXONIAN.

(1) *Wordsworth: Poems.* $1.50. In the *Oxford Standard Authors.* Write for complete list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (2) $3.00. (3) $3.50. (4) 80c each. Write for list of over 400 titles. (5) $7.50. On India paper. (6) $1.50 each. Write for titles.

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 14)

Yorker some years ago. It is useful to remember at a time when the phony and the chi-chi are often so well rewarded. We have seen (quite lately) the technique of fake and pilfer warmly commended in the newspapers; eulogized as something rather naively innocent and engaging. (Whimsical, I suppose.) So it is wholesome to think for a moment about Mr. Goudy's plain honesty. "I have never permitted myself," he said, "to allow my craft to become an end in itself instead of a means only to a desirable and useful end."

It amuses me to reflect how close the house of Kuppenheimer (in Chicago) came to a typographical immortality. In the early days of Mr. Goudy's Village Press the Kuppenheimers asked him to design a new font for their advertising. They admired his drawings but were frightened by the cost of cutting the matrices, so they paid a fee for his time and returned the designs. These, I believe, were the basis of the now famous Kennerley type. It is usually forgotten that the much commented literary revival of 1912 had been preceded by a renaissance in printing taste. The high spot of this was the Kennerley font, first used in *The Door in the Wall* (a collection of stories by H. G. Wells) published 1911 by Mitchell Kennerley. This beautiful folio is a Must for the conscientious typophile collector; but try to find it. 600 copies were printed; but by some error only 300 complete sets of illustrations (photos by Alvin Coburn) came through. So there exist only 300 copies fully illustrated.

Also for Mr. Kennerley, Goudy designed the Forum font of caps, which has been called "the first type ever cut that actually renders the spirit of Roman lapidary characters." It was Mitchell Kennerley's enthusiasm that moved Goudy to offer to printers at large the designs he had been cutting for his own use. Goudy to Kuppenheimer to Kennerley was the Tinker-Evers-Chance double play of modern American typography.

By some obscure instinct I have chosen to illustrate these notes by an etching of the old smithy at Waubeek, Iowa, to which Jay Sigmund and Grant Wood introduced me a few years ago. Because that also is an emblem of Middlewest plainness and artistic dignity. Both Fred Goudy and his valiant helpmate Bertha Goudy (to whom in moving terms he dedicated his 100th original font, the *Bertham*) came from rural Illinois. He worked as an accountant in Dakota and as a free-lance designer in Chicago. The turning impulse, I believe, was when a young man from Snohomish, Will Ransom, then studying at the Art Institute, came to him as a disciple. Will Ransom had $300, with which they started the Village Press, in a carriage-house in a Chicago suburb. That was in 1903.

Fine printers are funny fellows; it is my own private conviction that they still have much to learn. I grind my teeth, for instance, when I see some de luxe job of typography which is lush in technique and yet prints a quotation of blank verse indented as though it were rhymed in couplets. (This by an eminent living designer, but *not* Goudy). Such grotesque solecisms are frequent because their love of type apparently excludes any deep sense of meaning or music. They tend to be ingenious rather than intuitive: I've never been able to discover a font of Roman in which the lower-case g has the simple cursive decency of script. But a few—Goudy and Bruce Rogers and Stanley Morison are those whose work I know best—are earnest in virtue, and they lead lives that any intelligent man must envy.

Escape from a Legend

(*Continued from page* 16)

turn to ashes, was never quite so gleaming as in the memory beyond its destruction; it is not at all certain that the war did not give a clean mercy stroke to an order which had been rotting while yet alive; it is even less sure that the peace in the South which preceded and the peace which followed those four deadly and dramatic years were half so full of devotion to ideal, to country, to sacrifice, even to a species of kindness, as were the four dark and bloody years between them.

Finally, I suspect the authors as I suspect the politicians. Peace is piety, but war is drama. Only rarely, as in 1916, and generally futilely as then, does peace impel people into position behind politicians. Somehow it has seemed impossible to dramatize peace, to bracket it with patriotism, to couple it with votes and with enthusiasm. From 1918 to this day this country has been filled with the praises of peace and the fear of war from the lips of orators and the typewriters of authors. But in all that time there was steadfast refusal to participate in the effort to make peace, and now headlong the United States is involved in clamorous preparation for war in the world. After such a demonstration, who blames the authors, who condemns the politicians? Who but us—who buy the war books and who jump completely over what some of us said yesterday about the high cost of government, to approve the President's gargantuan plans for—for defense.

Let the drums beat then. But I wish the new drum beaters would take this taste of the milk of human kindness out of my whiskey. I can face war. I can even enjoy it written down to be read in a comfortable chair, but I like my violence straight. Pious and ineffectual postulating about peace does not improve it.

Jonathan Daniels, editor of The Raleigh News and Observer, *is the author of a book to be published this spring, called "A Southerner Discovers the South."*

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

con Street's twelve miles is on Beacon Hill. I am never interested in the home address of a character in a book. I never write letters to, call up, or visit characters in books. I don't care where they live. Gilligan didn't give the exact address, and I wouldn't bother to ask him. He placed the house on the water side of the hill. That's enough.

DAVIS: His neighbors are not abnormal.

DINNEEN: Mrs. Lorney is introduced as an unsatisfied woman looking for a sex experience with a blind man. Her husband is stupid. Gilligan has written about his cobbler so often in the *Boston Post* Sunday Supplement and in newspapers here and in New York, that he is now becoming Gilligan's trade mark. Nice Anna is a prostitute. The book is peopled with prostitutes, black and white. Perhaps they were merely supernumeraries, like the one who used her ex-lover's grave for a workbench, and I should have ignored them.

DAVIS: The second sentence says that the lives of all those the blind Coventry touches are deformed or emasculated. This is wholly false.

DINNEEN: One had his arm shot (pardon, cut) off. Gabriel, in whom the reader is interested for half the book, comes back physically useless. The old man at Wayside Inn is a half-wit. Bannon's mother paints her son in the nude while he poses with either a cow or a bull in a pond as spectators look on. This may be art to some readers and these characters may be normal; but to me, they're in the psychopathic ward.

DAVIS: The first death is that of Gabriel Bannon on page 268.

DINNEEN: The first death is on page 8 where Manz, the helmsman, is killed. The second is on page 9, a few paragraphs further along where the German boy is shot through the head. The first important death is the cobbler's baby in the early chapters. Score: Dinneen 1—Davis 1.

DAVIS: The review says that soldiers . . . walked all the way home from Boston.

DINNEEN: The character Mary McBride said they walked home. Davis calls her a lying gossip. I wouldn't know. Apparently he knows her better than I do. Gilligan is in the office at his elbow.

DAVIS: The State of Massachusetts paid $100 bonus . . . long after the men were mustered out.

DINNEEN: Nuts! I got mine the day I arrived in Boston and I have my army discharge to prove it. Score: Dinneen 2—Davis 1. This gives me the Davis cup.

DAVIS: The reviewer calls the burial of a soldier's arm cut off by an army surgeon an "impossible touch."

DINNEEN: Does Davis seriously believe that an army surgeon would give a man an amputated arm to carry it around and bury it? Health and Army regulations make it absolutely impossible, not to mention army life and the influence of soldiers. Score: Dinneen 3—Davis 1.

DAVIS: It is stated that the author did not know Coolidge, etc.

DINNEEN: Wrong again. Take another look at that review. I did not say that the author did not know Coolidge. I knew better. His portrait of Coolidge during the police strike is caricature; as is his picture of Boston during the strike. I treated it as fiction and not fact.

Calvin Coolidge was not in Boston on the night the police walked out. He was at the Woodstock Inn, Woodstock, Vermont, as any city editor in Boston or any reporter who covered the strike will testify. That is where the newspapers reached him on the telephone. Gilligan presents Cal as a quiet, unmoved yokel on the one night in his life that Calvin was frantic, tying up telephone lines, talking with his good friend, Herbert Parker, the ablest attorney general the state ever had. It was Parker who wrote the proclamation "There can be no strike against the public service" with the phrase "law and order," and then handed it to Coolidge to sign. Coolidge went to the White House on another man's words, changing the history of a nation and the millions in it. I know the book is fiction, but I looked for a factual foundation and found, instead, an overdrawn, distorted nightmare. There was neither murder nor rapine that night. There were largely attended, open crap games on Boston Common. One false alarm of fire was pulled. There were hoodlums pulling the trolleys from street cars and a few shop windows were smashed; but 99 percent of Boston moved along as though nothing had happened. Percy Haughton and part of the Harvard football squad were deputized as policemen. Beacon Hill, according to the reporters who covered the story, was as quiet as a tomb. The next day there were rumors of rapine and murder and five Boston newspapers chased their staffs out investigating. All of the rumors were unfounded. Dramatizing the real story of Coolidge, Gilligan muffed the ball, even as he muffed the ball consistently in his passage of fine writing. He almost reaches it, but not quite. He is not ripe yet, or he is over-ripe. Part of the book is good, part of it garble, part of it "show-off" writing, and parts made me want to throw up.

DAVIS: The artistic merits and faults of the book are entirely neglected. Its faithfulness to a new and sound conception of the novel form is completely ignored.

DINNEEN: What new conception of the novel form? Trick devices, prospecting for gold in a thesaurus, long sentences, lower case, or repetitious words and phrases do not, to my way of thinking, constitute a new conception of the novel form. Gilligan's associated and correlated nightmares do not constitute a new conception of the novel form—at least, for me.

Whenever I read an author so brilliant that I can't understand him, I give him a full complement of demerits for going off the deep end into a realm where he no longer makes sense to anybody, in my opinion, but himself. If I review a book, I feel that I must honestly report what I think about it. If the author is actually brilliant and does make sense to other critics, I am at fault for not being on the same high mental plane and able to comprehend him. Then I have done him an injustice in my review. If the work is sound and worth while, it will succeed in spite of my review; and if it does not succeed in spite of my review, I think it probably deserves to die.

JOSEPH F. DINNEEN.

The Boston Globe,
Boston, Mass.

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The Subjugation of the Apaches

THE APACHE INDIANS. By Frank C. Lockwood. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

OUR long war of conquest against the Western Apaches contains elements of drama, human interest, and contrast, which have begun to attract able writers, producing, among other works, Will Levington Comfort's unusual novel, "Apache," Wellman's fast-reading popular narrative, and now Mr. Lockwood's soberer history. In the hands of a Parkman the story of this remarkable people from its arrival in the Southwest a few hundred years ago as an unimportant group of drifters, through its rise to a high place among the world's great fighting tribes, and on to the prosperous cattlemen and agreeable companions of the present day, could be made into a nationally popular epic.

Unhappily, the period of warfare from 1850 to 1886 has captured the attention of recorders, to the exclusion of the wider view, and "The Apache Indians," despite its title, is no exception. It is not a rounded study of the Apaches, but a generous foeman's account of their subjugation. Mr. Lockwood's material is new mainly in regard to important army records, partly taken over by him from the collection of Charles Morgan Wood, to whom he dedicates the book. As a result, the story tends to be told from the army's point of view, and to whitewash that organization. There is no place in this account for the suggestion that the soldiers occasionally fomented trouble for their own advancement.

The book gets into its stride when the American Army comes upon the scene, to present an unusually complete picture of the Apache wars. With this, the main thread of Apache history is lost. Preoccupied with what, in the closing years, was a campaign against less than two hundred outlaws, the author tells us nothing of the continuing struggle toward adjustment and survival of the other six thousand. In the final chapter, the author takes up the question of whether the Apaches can be civilized. Mr. Lockwood's standard of civilization is the exact imitation of our culture, including the way we cut our hair, and above all conversion to Christianity. Grieved by these Indians' failure to be converted, he conflicts with the evidence he himself, as an honest historian, has presented to prove that "it does not seem likely that there reside in the Apache nature the passion and power to attain racial eminence and independence."

To support this conclusion, it is curious to see some of the generalizations he has made, disproved by their own context or ridiculous to anyone familiar with the reservations. But in the main, the honest completeness of the book will counteract the conclusion which the author feels forced to draw, leaving his book the best study we have of its central subject, the military campaigns.

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LEONARD BACON
in The Saturday Review

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The New Books

Art

ART WITHOUT EPOCH. By Ludwig Goldscheider. Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.50.

This is another of those remarkably well done and remarkably cheap volumes of reproductions which are being issued by the Oxford Press. The purpose of this book is novel. The editor has brought together a series of reproductions drawn from the earliest Greek and Egyptian periods up to the 1800s. These pictures are of works of art which, typically, are still alive; that is, which are of contemporary importance in that they are influential, actually or potentially, upon the art of our own day. The book might be called a collection of art significant for us in our own times. The choice of works may invite controversy; but the soundness of the principle involved in this anthology for a special purpose is unquestionable.

H. S. C.

Fiction

THE BEST BUTTER. By Elinor Rice. Morrow. 1938. $2.50.

The *best* butter was what the March Hare put in the works of the Mad Hatter's watch. Some crumbs got in along with it, which did not help the mechanism, and, having some fun with the idealists, Miss Rice proposes that a few crumbs must get into their pet theories, and maybe butter isn't right, anyway.

This is really a novel without a hero, or possibly the intellectual community of Caledonia itself, that refuge from the world not too far from New York, is the hero. It is Miss Rice's first novel, and she handles her complex situation very well indeed, introducing many characters, mixing them up thoroughly, and yet giving her book a satisfactory unity.

The community spirit of Caledonia is highly intellectual, and highly self-conscious. Its people lead comfortable lives, providing life's answers by way of book, radio, lecture, and personal consultation. Because it is their stock in trade, they cling desperately to their idealism, but sorry results come from the attempt to apply their well-reasoned principles, as the laborers in the community, who cannot quite trust these people from another world, nor yet find adequate reasons for disturbing their kindness, find out during a strike.

Cynthia Sanford, who finds her illegal parentage more of an asset than a shame in this community, is the best realized of the characters. The others are seen more objectively, but they are clearly drawn, without false notes, and in spite of their number, after page fifty there is no more confusing them. Miss Rice likes these people, even Anthony Tilden, patronizing his friends of the laboring class, even Madame Saffroni, taking a picnic lunch to the men at work. She has her workers' words and ideas down pat, her children are just as good, and if her intellectuals talk more wittily than people do, well, they are here shown at their best moments, and that makes good dialogue. Above all, Miss Rice avoids the trap she sets for others and provides no answers, points no moral; even in the irony of her situations she avoids bitterness in favor of humor.

L. H. C.

FATHERLAND, FAREWELL! By Gösta Larsson. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. $2.50.

Inevitably suggesting better known writers in the same category, Mr. Larsson gives in this book a sound example of what the American general public has come to look upon as the Scandinavian novel. He has the same admirable simplicity, the same directness, the same wide human sympathy as his predecessors. "Fatherland, Farewell!," which is a tale of life in Malmo, Sweden, has an additional interest, however, in that it is a study of Swedish industrial life with heavy economic implications. It illustrates the causes behind the Swedish immigration to the United States at the opening of the century; and those who paint the Scandinavias as a paradise where the capitalist lion and the wage-slave lamb lie down together will be chagrined to discover that the blacklist, the strike, the lockout, the labor radical, and the idealist adolescent had the same parts to play in Malmo that they have had here.

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the hero, a poor boy employed in a factory, to become an engineer, and how he is pursued by the heroine with that naive directness which is not uncommon in this sort of book. The Scandinavian adolescent we have had before; but the story of Hjalmar cuts across a whole section of life among the industrial workers and the very poor. These portions of the book are written with serious understanding, but without maudlin sensibility.

"Fatherland, Farewell!" is a good, if not a great, novel. Its principal defect seems to lie in the strategy of fiction—we lose sight of the hero at frequent intervals, and as a consequence are not certain whether the book is intended to be his story, or the story of the community in which he lives. The result is some confusion of emphasis and organization, which, however, does not interfere with the crystalline lucidity of the style.

H. M. J.

THE WAX APPLE. By Mary Jane Ward. Dutton. 1938. $2.50.

Unlike most of its kind, this novel of humble people in a great city is interesting not so much for its social significance or even its poignancy, but rather for the personality of the author. The plot is slow-moving and usually important only as it reveals character, so that most of the book is given to everyday doings. These are made lively and entertaining by a shrewd worldliness conveyed in racy, striking impressionism. It is the style of the ace reporter's jotted notes fresh from the scene and charged with feminine bite.

Such simplicity throws a clear focus upon several young men and women who are getting, or trying to get, a start in life. They are the children of the Lundmarks and the Scherers, who live in a two-family house on Chicago's south side. Their tragedy is that while scorning the drab trappings of their environment in pursuit of glitter beyond, they are bound by ignorance to meanness. Kath, however, is different. Satisfied with her surroundings, she wants only the simple pleasures of a normal life. The tender and understanding portrayal of her is much to the author's credit.

Miss Ward's talent is in making routine existence amusing and, at times, exciting. She still must learn to deal effectively with the more profound emotions. This second novel is sound basis for encouragement.

H. B. P.

THEIR SHIPS WERE BROKEN. By Constance Wright. Dutton. 1938. $2.50.

Miss Wright's title (I Kings, 22, 48) is from a sermon preached by a missionary to the company of the opium clipper *Fantasy* as she lies at anchor off Whampoa, one July Sunday in 1838. It indicates the author's purpose to explore for dramatic values a period in our history during which Yankees peddled Christianity with one hand and opium with the other.

The idea seems promising, Miss Wright's style is fluent, and she knows enough about China to make the atmosphere convincing. Yet we have seldom read so dull a book.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

purser in the Canton opium factories of Claflin & Co., the girl who comes out to Macao, and the adventures that befall both of them in the Orient.

Miss Wright's method is another cause of dullness. There is a shipwreck, but it reminds one of a movie model in a tank. There is a murder, but it has occurred before the reader comes along, and its only result is further delay in liberating the prisoners. There is a riot which looks staged, and in which nobody gets a scratch. As against these potential high spots of dramatic action there are pages and pages of synoptic or customary action, of dead-end episodes, and of mere talk.

A final cause lies in characterization, which never gets beyond the *leitmotif*. Mere tags are thrust at the reader as the very stuff of contrasted personality. But the only real trait is shared by all hands here: when called upon they toe the mark and do the author's bidding.

K. P. K.

Travel

EDWARD WILSON OF THE ANTARCTIC. By George Seaver. Dutton. 1938. $3.

Captain Scott could have chosen no stouter fellow than "Bill" Wilson for his two expeditions to the Antarctic. No man, not even Scott, was better equipped in general knowledge, or in that special character which is essential to the explorer. For Wilson had courage and faith and humor, the friendliness of intelligent tolerance, and a strength which without exception propped the entire party through terrible months. As Mr. Seaver writes of him, backed by the testimony of all who knew him well in the South or in England, there appears a man as close to saintly as one may imagine. But he was never meek; he had assurance and a red-headed temper. He saw into the hearts of men and birds, and loved them equally.

He had planned, when a boy, for the joint careers of medicine and ornithology which missionary work in Africa would afford him, but his father's objections plus incipient tuberculosis decided him to pursue his interests at home. Captain Scott's eagerness to have him on the *Discovery* voyage at last persuaded him, despite his health, to go in the capacity of surgeon and zoölogist. It was an arduous journey of two winters' duration, filled with the hardships of sledge-pulling, snow blindness, and blizzards when for days at a time the men dared not even look out of their frozen sleeping bags, but it was relieved for Wilson by his individual labors, his care of the sick, his painting, his mediation in dispute, and particularly his bird-nesting expeditions, at —62° F., to the Penguin colonies.

Returning to England Wilson spent most of the next five years in a detailed study of Grouse disease. He had not yet completed it when Scott urged him to accompany his second expedition to the Antarctic. Scott's journals and Cherry-Garrard's book tell the story of that tragic venture far better than does Mr. Seaver here. They starved to death, those excellent companions, although they had plenty of food, for science knew little of vitamins then, and their rations contained not enough to support life under such duress. Captain Scott, to the world, may be the hero of the Antartic, but as noble and tonic a character as ever lived was Edward Wilson.

H. D.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD AND NOT BURIED *H. F. M. Prescott* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Aged English farmer slain by wife's lover and oddly disposed of. Wife, too, is killed and Sgt. Tucker is perplexed.	Detecting plays minor part but predicament of gent who can't tell whether he's killer is engrossingly horrible.	Grisly
SPECIAL AGENT *G. R. McCarthy* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2)	State Dept. emissary slain at sea. FBI men and helpful newspaper gal uncover an unholy mess.	Mechanical aids to detection much more interesting than plot itself, showing how "men with whiskers" really work.	Informative
MURDER ON RUSSIAN HILL *Lenore G. Offord* (Macrae-Smith: $2)	Unpleasant young Californian found shot. Girl with penchant for mysteries helps—and hinders—Insp. Geraghty.	Despite wordiness and tendency to go soft and whimsical at times, a well worked out and capably written yarn.	Entertaining
SEVEN MUST DIE *James Warner Bellah* (Appleton-Century: $2)	"Adventure cruise" out of Honolulu results in shipwreck, several violent deaths, recovery of fortune, and triumph for operative Drumm.	No let-up in suspense and action from time oddly assorted party sets sail until surprising revelations of last chapter.	Satisfactory
DEATH BRINGS A STORKE *Anita Boutell* (Putnam: $2)	Shot-gun death in English village looks suicidal but Dr. Storke thinks not and helps police nab killer.	Competent development of not unfamiliar gambit, with plenty of clues spread round for observant reader.	Middlin'

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

A. B. A. Book Awards

THE American Booksellers' Association annual Book Awards were announced March 1st by Clifton Fadiman at a luncheon held at the Hotel Astor. As follows:—

☞*On Borrowed Time,* Lawrence Watkin's novel, was chosen as "The Booksellers' Find." This award is given to the most deserving book which the Trade thought had failed of adequate recognition.

☞*The Citadel,* A. J. Cronin's story about doctors, was named as the booksellers' Favorite Novel, while *Madame Curie,* by Eve Curie, received the award for Non-fiction.

☞The award for the Most Original Book went to Carl Crow's book about the Chinese people, *400 Million Customers.*

☞Each author received as a prize an engraved bronze paperweight, in the shape of an open book.

☞Elkin Mathews, Ltd., London, utter an interesting catalogue, *Books from the Libraries of Sir James Barrie and Mr. Aldous Huxley; together with the Personal Library of Mary Webb, Consisting of Only 30 Volumes.* ☞It is Mary Webb's "melancholy little collection" (so the catalogue describes it) which interests us most. Of the 30 books she possessed, it seems that 21 came to her by gift or inheritance. The 9 books she bought for herself were Thomson's *Seasons;* J. A. Symonds' *Walt Whitman;* Virgil's *Eclogues; Aucassin & Nicolette;* George MacDonald's *Phantastes;* Morton Luce's *Thysia;* William Archer's *Play-Making;* Browning; and Chaucer.

☞Thomas Argyriou writes:—"You may be interested to know that the current novel by C. P. Rodocanachi *Forever Ulysses* has been officially banned in Greece by the Ministry of Ecclesiastics and Education, as being defamatory and injurious to the national prestige and reputation."

☞We were grieved to hear of the death of W. C. Van Antwerp in San Francisco. His career was varied, he was an officer in the Navy, newspaper reporter and editor, a governor of the New York stock exchange, a partner in E. F. Hutton and Company's brokerage house, and impassioned book collector. His book *The Stock Exchange From Within* was famous in its field and had a large sale; in later years he published a commentary on the first editions of Sir Walter Scott. We have happy memory of his hospitality at his ranch in California, where he had a redwood canyon all his own. Generous friend and witty companion, he will be sadly missed.

☞The passage in *The Hidden Lincoln* that pleased us most was the remark of Dennis Hanks (Abe's older uterine brother?) that he wanted Abe to learn to write with an eagle-quill; but the eagles were too smart to be shot, he had to use a buzzard's. ☞Our favorite in recent news stories is William Walsh who couldn't refrain from heaving a glass of water at a silk hat in a Childs restaurant. He missed the hat and broke a window. ☞Maybe this is a parable of modern biography. ☞A book we hanker to see is *Rebellious Fraser's* (Columbia University Press) by Miriam Thrall, which tells much about the most apoplectic editor who ever lived, William Maginn. Almost every issue of *Fraser's Magazine* (100 years ago) was libellous, and C. U. P. says the longest chapter in Miss Thrall's book is the one about Maginn's enemies.

☞If you ever thought that teachers of literature are just drowsing along, have a look at that always exciting magazine *The English Journal* (monthly from September to June) which is published by the University of Chicago Press for the National Council of Teachers of English. It'll make you wish you were in high school again; as indeed most of us ought to be. ☞Answer to an inquiry: Shakespeare's best advertisement for merchandising underwear is in *Midsummer Night's Dream:* "I'll put a girdle round about the earth."

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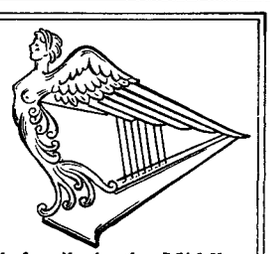

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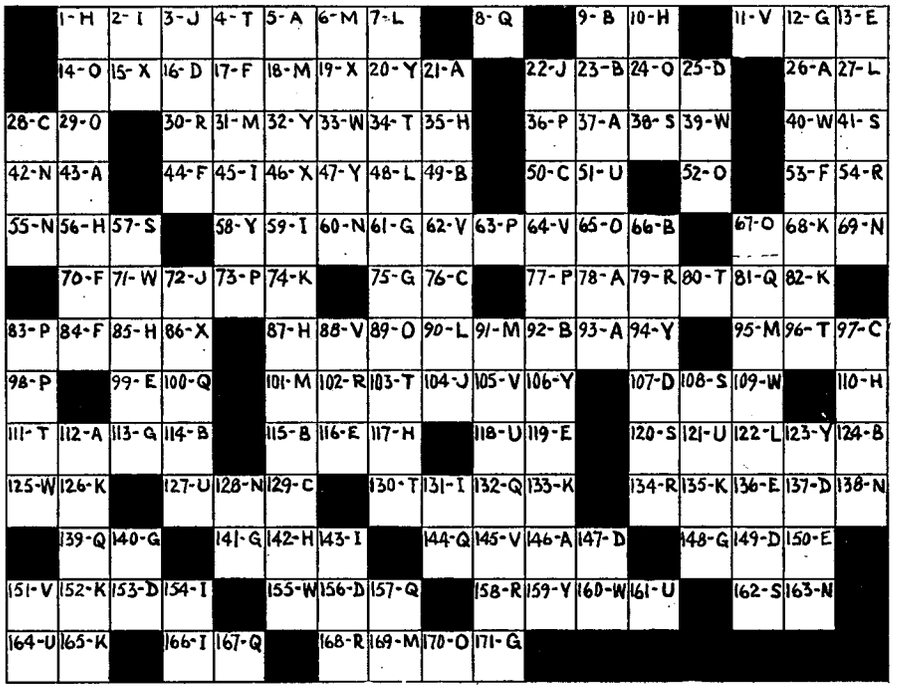
Double-Crostics: No. 206

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 25 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Constant, resolute.

B. Philippic.

C. Old-womanish.

D. Paragon; matchless.

E. Twine, wreathe.

F. Planet.

G. Member of antimonopolist wing of New York City Democrats, 1835.

H. Never explored as to depth.

I. Congregation of nuns.

J. Trees of genus Taxus.

K. Irish poet and novelist (1882-).

L. Deep sigh.

M. Agitation of the feelings.

N. Festive occasion with dancing (sl.).

O. Perturbed.

P. Apprise.

Q. Plaintive (Direction in Music).

R. Cogitation.

S. Pretence, imposture.

T. Makes possible.

U. Hindu widow who cremates herself.

V. Opposite in order.

W. Restore to good spirits.

X. Uniformly consistent.

Y. Pertaining to the nerves.

WORDS

5	78	93	37	21	146	112	43	26
66	124	115	92	49	23	9	114	
28	76	50	97	129				
137	107	156	147	153	149	16	25	
136	116	13	119	150	99			
17	84	70	53	44				
171	148	61	141	140	75	113	12	
142	56	110	35	1	85	87	10	117
2	45	143	131	154	166	59		
3	104	22	72					
82	133	152	165	135	126	68	74	
7	90	48	122	27				
6	101	95	91	18	169	31		
163	128	55	60	69	42	138		
52	89	170	24	67	29	65	14	
36	77	73	63	83	98			
157	139	144	167	81	100	132	8	
134	54	102	30	158	79	168		
41	162	38	120	108	57			
80	96	34	130	103	111	4		
51	164	127	118	161	121			
145	11	64	88	151	105	62		
109	39	125	33	160	155	40	71	
86	19	15	46					
94	20	123	32	47	106	159	58	

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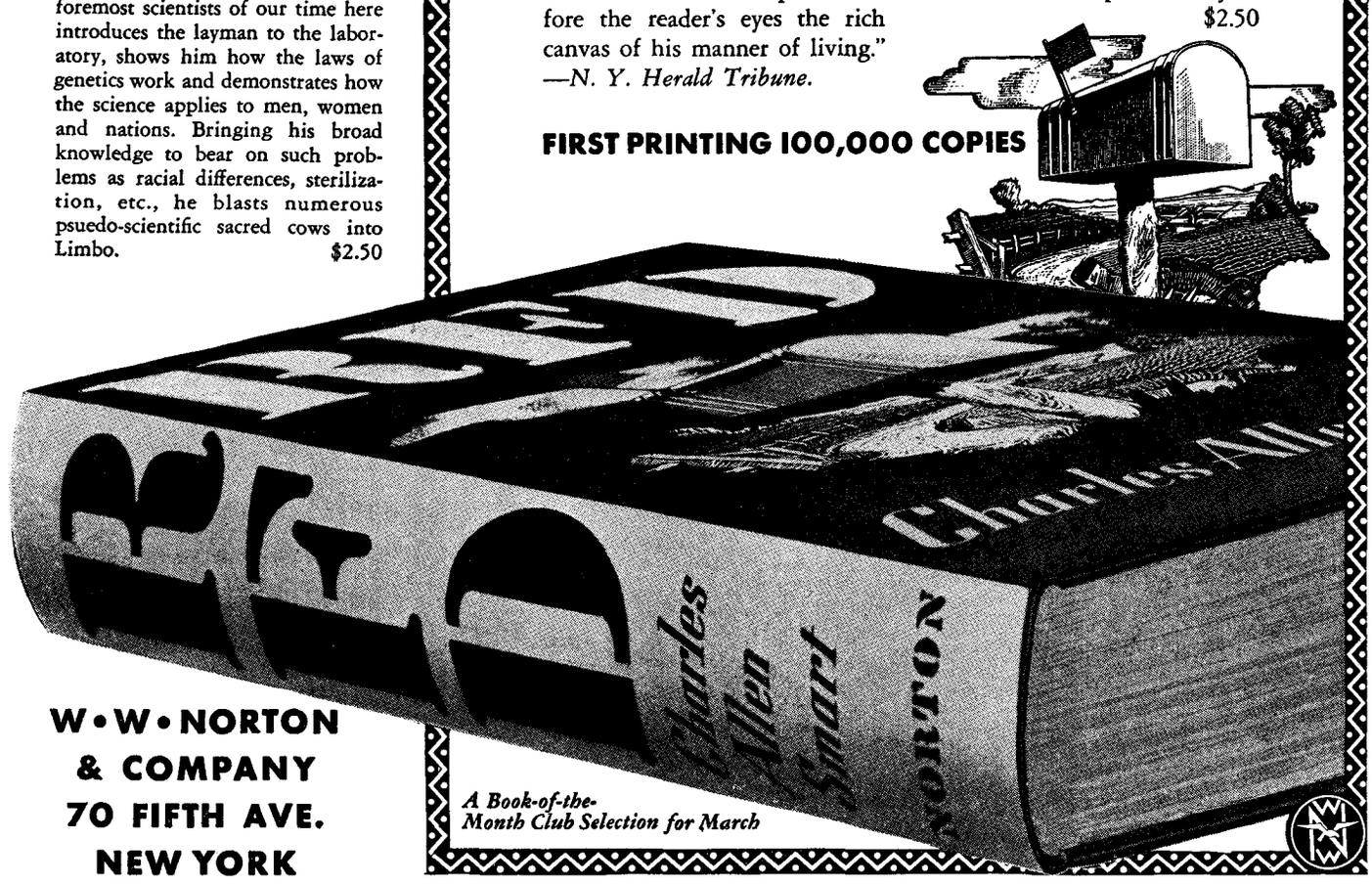

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for March

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